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Week of January 30, 1944



AQUARIUS, the eleventh of the twelve zodiac signs, has been known to scientists through the ages as the Water Bearer. The constellation is usually depicted as a man pouring water from a jar. The water, running down the sky in the stellar symbol, refers undoubtedly to the rainy weather prevailing when the sun is in this quarter of the heavens.

(See Next Page)

**Zodiac
Girls**
by
Willy Pogany
Aquarius

WHEN the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, climbed to the top of the Great Pyramid of Cheops in September, 1927, and drove a golf ball from the summit onto the desert sands, one of the men who saw the strange exploit was William Bliss, a retired textile manufacturer, of Manchester, England.

The Prince made his famous drive as a "gag" at the beginning of his tour of Africa, and it started Bliss on a deadly serious career of teeing off from the most incredible spots on earth—mountain tops, glaciers, skyscrapers, termite mounds and finally ended in his death in a boiling volcano.

When the Manchester citizen sank from sight into the roaring, white-hot lava, he had finished 16 years of golf driving which took him all over the United States, South America, Europe, Asia and Australia. He had conquered every height he had attempted to reach including lofty Mount Aconcagua in Chile and Popocatepetl in Mexico.

The crater which ended his career was that of Nyamagira, in the Belgian Congo. If he had survived his attempt to drive a golf ball across the boiling lake, he planned to organize the most ambitious mountain climbing expedition in history to win the heights of unsealed Everest and use the very peak as a golf tee.

Anderson Purdy, a photographer, who accompanied Bliss everywhere to take pictures of his employer making golf drives, said the former textile magnate seemed to "leap after the ball" when it failed to clear the chasm.

Purdy told his story the other day to officials of the Lake Kivu district of the Congo in the 10,000-foot-high Virunga Mountains.

"I knew he was strange," Purdy said, "and feared that his hobby some day would end in disaster, but aside from his overpowering desire to drive golf balls from high places, he was the most normal of men."

"I was employed to photograph his

So Goofy about Golf He Fell ^{into} a Volcano

drives early in 1928. He wanted proof of everything he did. We had planned a trip to New York to enable Bliss to drive a golf ball off the top of the Empire State Building—when it was finished, but others talked him out of that.

"Finally he compromised on a trip to Africa to drive a golf ball from atop a 19-foot termite mound in Nigeria. Bliss did not always seek high places to drive from, but frequently had as much satisfaction in teeing off from a 'queer' place. He was as happy as a schoolboy with a new baseball bat when he was photographed accomplishing this new feat. Such things were as important to him, it seemed, as life itself.

"I followed him to Mexico for his Popocatepetl exploit and to Panama where he drove a ball across the Canal. He batted golf balls into every ocean in the world, and all the big lakes, including Titicaca. It was tough going for me, particularly when we had to scale frozen peaks, but the pay was good and I was fond of the boss.

"As he stood on the edge of the crater, he told me it would be an easy shot. But Bliss had a bad disposition when he was balked and this cost him his life. When he sliced the ball and saw it fall 30 to 40 feet short of the other side, he was like a wild man. In his anger, he seemed to rise right up from the ground and, too late to save himself, slipped and fell in."



The Eccentric Sportsman Was So Upset When He Failed to Drive Across the Volcano's Crater That He Lost His Temper and Fell Headlong Into the Pit of Boiling Lava.

Was the Moon Ever Blue?

WHERE does the phrase "once in a blue moon" come from? For a long time language experts have been trying to track down the origin of the popular expression.

Some authorities think it is traceable to medieval times when one of

the jobs of the monks was to draw up the yearly calendars based on the moon.

There were usually 12 full moons a year, and the old almanack makers gave each one a name—such as Harvest Moon, Lenten Moon, Fruit Moon, and Moon after Yule.

Every once in a while a 13th full moon would show up. This was called the Blue Moon. The rarity of its appearance is said to have given birth to the "once in a blue moon" expression.

Other speech experts pooch-pooch this idea and contend that there is a definite relation between the phrase and the moon under certain conditions.

The moon, according to scientists, on rare occasions gives the appear-

ance of being blue, and sometimes green. This is due to unusual light conditions in the upper atmosphere. During a total eclipse of the sun

in 1927 observers at Belfast, Ireland, reported that the moon took on a decidedly blue tinge.

Dr. E. C. Brewer, in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," defines "once in a blue moon" as a rarity, and reports that such a phenomenon took place December 10, 1883.

Because the star gazers of that day put down a great many words describing, and trying to explain, the unusual phenomenon, some people have assumed that "blue moons" date back only sixty years.

Most of the astronomers blame the astral oddity on a rare atmospheric condition which probably doesn't occur once in a generation.

These gentlemen probably were much closer to the truth than certain amateur observers of the heavens who made the error of assuming that some profound change was taking place in the earth's satellite.

The error of their judgment soon became apparent even to them because the moon promptly resumed its silvery color.

There is little doubt that the phrase is an old one. As early as 1528, in the second part of Roy and Barlow's "Rede Me and Be Not Wroth," the idea of a blue moon is ridiculed: "Yf they say the mone is blew, 'We must beleve that it is true, 'Admyttinge their interpretation."



Some Authorities Think That the Star-Gazing Monks of the Middle Ages Gave the "Blue" Moon Its Name, Even Though the Satellite Didn't Look That Color to Them.

What Aquarius Means to You

By VINCENT LOPEZ,
Famous Orchestra Leader.

AQUARIUS (the Water Bearer) is your astrological sign if you were born from January 20 to February 18 in any year. Uranus is your ruling planet.

At best your impulses are humanitarian. At worst you are inclined to be visionary.

Inspiration can be yours, or just ordinary self-delusion. UNDER-

STANDING is your keyword. It is your nature to be serious and thoughtful. But you have also a vivid imagination which makes you a lover of all mankind and enables you to take a philosophical view of life.

You have a lively intelligence and a friendly and generous disposition. With all this you are inclined to hold radical ideas and to have strong likes and dislikes.

Conservatism is the keynote of your private affairs but you also like to make plans beyond your own means.

You do not always make allowance for this but you feel confident that all will work out right in the end.

You have strong inner convictions concerning the New Era to be ushered in as a result of the war.

Uppermost in your mind is a desire to serve humanity which stems from your interest in people irrespective of race or type.

You have a keen intuition and as your spiritual nature develops you grow more sure of your knowledge. Though you cannot always explain things to others you find you can always help them.

In many of your actions your ruling planet, Uranus, may tend to make you a jarring note. You should guard against letting your flair for liberty make you intolerant of others and restrain any impulses to be high-handed.

A new book entitled "What's Ahead?" by Vincent Lopez (David McKay, Phila.), will be released for publication next month.

These Five
Simple Ingredients
are all
you need to
make it!



"Pig in a poke!"

Set out ingredients shown at left... Arrange sausages evenly in oblong casserole (7"x11") or heavy 10" round skillet. (Correct size of baking dish is very important.) Then heat in a hot oven for about 10 min. to partially cook and fry out some of the fat.

Meanwhile, make up the Yorkshire Pudding Batter (see directions below).

Now take casserole or skillet of sausages out of the oven. Pour off half the fat (leaving it about 1/4" deep in the pan). Pour Yorkshire Pudding Batter into hot fat around the browned sausages. Bake 10 min. in a very hot oven (475°)—then reduce temperature to 350° (moderate) and bake about 25 to 30 min. more. (Top of Pudding should be puffed and crisp when done; some of inside will be moist, almost "doughy.") Serve at once, cutting into oblong or wedge-shaped pieces, then loosening with a wide spatula. About 6 servings.

Batter: Beat the 2 large eggs well in a mixing bowl. Add the 1 cup milk, 1 cup of sifted GOLD MEDAL FLOUR and 1/2 tsp. of salt. Then beat very thoroughly with a rotary beater.

Perfect results assured only when Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour is used

Now... Gold Medal Flour is enriched—to new high govt. levels—with 3 "B" vitamins and iron! Each 8 oz. contain a day's minimum requirements of Vitamin B₁ and 65% of your minimum daily requirements of iron—plus significant quantities of Riboflavin and Niacin. Enriched flour can supply over a third of your daily requirements of protein too.

Low in ration points... and a wonderful taste combination. The crispy Yorkshire Pudding is baked right in the fat from the sausages. A novel wintertime supper dish. Combines meat's heartiness with nutritive values of eggs, milk and enriched Gold Medal Flour. Look for other Betty Crocker recipes in the sack.

Betty Crocker offers this "meat-extender" recipe to show you one way Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour can add nourishment to your wartime meals. You'll find many similar suggestions in the Betty Crocker recipe inserts that come regularly in Gold Medal Flour.

These recipes are the most popular of their type. And Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" is the most popular brand of flour in America.

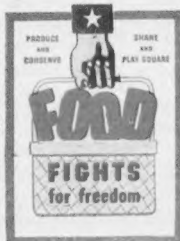
Try these recipes with Gold Medal Flour

and you will see why the combination is the surest, simplest, easiest road to baking success.

You can't afford waste in these times. Bakings that don't "turn out" right are inexcusable today. That's why so many women are turning to Gold Medal Flour—the only all-purpose flour tested and approved by the Betty Crocker Staff.

See if Gold Medal won't help you improve your baking. Put your faith in this flour that so many millions of good cooks use. Discover the secrets of its amazing popularity. Don't take chances with flour that may vary from sack to sack! Rely on Gold Medal's dependability... whether you bake a lot or a little... It's made by GENERAL MILLS, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

There's plenty of food for all if we share it... if we don't waste it. Today more than ever, people are eating for health. Try the nutritious recipe above. To be certain of results—to avoid wasteful failure—use Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Enriched Flour in making it.



Gold Medal "KITCHEN-TESTED" Enriched Flour

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Eventually
Why Not
Now?



Mady Scratched and Beat Her Friend, Countess Varadowska, Until She Fainted, Poured Poison Into the Wounds, Robbed the Body of the Countess' Passport and Assumed Her Identity.

By PRINCESS AMELIE KARAPOW

WHEN the death of Mady Soyka, Hitler's "cleverest woman spy," was announced the other day, somebody explained:

"Mady Soyka was the Mata Hari of World War II."

Could Mady Soyka have heard this characterization, she would have exploded:

"Compare me with her! That woman prepared her own death. Mata Hari, she was a stupid fool!"

Sardonically enough, the cleverest woman spy of World War II also prepared her own death. Or so it seemed to the French Underground, which finally saw through her camouflage and discovered her—the woman and her evil doings. So early the other morning Mady Soyka lay dead on the pavement before her apartment on Rue Vineuse in Paris.

But before this cruel and avaricious woman came to her end, she had spread a trail of blood and murder across France. Hundreds of white-lipped patriots, men and women, had faced firing squads because of heartless Mady Soyka.

The story of this unscrupulous woman's life begins about 30 years ago, when her mother, driven out of her native Rumania by famine, took little Mady with her to Russia. With the child in tow, the mother lived in first one brothel and then another. By the time Mady was 12 years old, she was already following in the mother's footsteps.

Although not beautiful, Mady was clever—and she had charm. She had a way that fascinated men and as the years passed she became a threat to every man she attracted.

From lover to lover she passed, till she was twenty. She learned about men. She learned about money. Never in her life, probably, did poor Mady give herself to a man because she loved him. Her love of money was her only real emotion. When Mady died, she must have been a very wealthy woman. But to unearth her wealth will be an arduous task, for she didn't keep it in banks.

Some years ago, when she was 22, Mady became seriously ill and went to a distinguished Viennese specialist. The small sum of money she had at that time was soon used up by the cost of the treatments.

Then—I never heard how—Mady met a Count Ernst von Brenner, an elderly and very wealthy German who spent his life traveling about Europe. He was captivated by her right away and, taking pity on her, he paid her doctor's bills. When she was well again, he made her his traveling companion.

For the next few years she lived in luxury, as she accompanied her "protector" to Holland, Belgium, the Balkans and, more rarely, to France and England. She met bankers, financiers, cosmopolites, artists, wealthy and elegant idlers. She learned about men of the highest circles, what they were really like. And she studied her lessons well.

How Mady became separated from old von Brenner, I never knew. It may be that he died. The next years passed, unaccounted for, till Mady suddenly turned up again in Vienna. The year was 1936. At that time, nearing forty, she was doing some very subtle spy work for a Balkan cabal. Hitler's "tourists," directed by Goebbels, were then preparing the way in Austria.

Goebbels heard Mady's praises. He sent for her.

"Gnaedige Frau," he said, "love grows old. Women also. But the work I could give you for the Fatherland would last as long as you do."

"How much does it pay?" asked Mady.

Inevitable Fate of Mady,

As the Dawn Broke, the "Countess Varadowska's" Cab Drew Up Before Her Apartment. She Started to Alight, Drew Back in Horror as a Shadow Sprang Forward. She Screamed Once Before Her Nemesis Struck.



Goebbels introduced her to Hitler, before they came to terms. At that encounter, the adventuress tried to flirt with the Fuehrer. He exploded:

"I am not interested in you as a woman. I am only interested in your usefulness to the Fatherland."

Employed by Hitler, she first helped prepare for the German possession of Austria. I know only the bare outline of Mady's work before the Anschluss. But I know quite a bit about her activities after she was assigned to France in 1940.

Mady Soyka went to Paris with a drawing fund of 300,000 francs, which the Germans deposited to her account in the Bank of France. At first, she could only draw upon this money with the consent of von Ribbentrop. By this time, von Ribbentrop had become her admirer.

Little Goebbels gave her parting instructions: "Remember, you must be very refined. You must cultivate the elite. You must be seen at smart restaurants, fine houses, the opera. Cultivate the three hundred first families who rule France."

Mady was soon queening it in a luxurious apartment on Rue Vineuse. She entertained Laval and various other "collaborationists." To some of them, she gave money.

"To pay for publicity that will help French and German friendship," she explained.

They took the money, those French renegades, but they put it in their own pockets, as Mady expected them to. One phase of her "duties" was bribery. But the Germans assigned her other

tasks. They ordered her to percolate among all classes of French people, to win over all she could; to report anti-German Frenchmen; Frenchmen suspected of Underground activities. For this purpose, she took apartments in many districts, assuming a different name in each district. In 1942 she had apartments in the Rue d'Anjou, near Boulevard St. Germain and in Avenue de Niel, where she gave card parties to her neighbors. She also had a restaurant on Rue Gabrielle in Montmartre, to cull news from the artists and students. The reason she often gave for her frequent absences from her various apartments was that she was the widow of an importer, trying to keep her business together.

At her suggestion, the Germans would sometimes send gifts of milk or sausage into one of the districts where she had an apartment. Then, at some neighborhood party, she would say:

"I never could stomach the Germans. It may be, however, I was prejudiced. They can't be entirely bad, else why did they send all this milk for our babies?"

She always went to the meetings held in the town halls in the various districts where she had

the Too Clever Nazi Siren

Murdered a Friend to Steal Her Honored Name, Joined the French Underground to Betray Hundreds, Spread a Trail of Terror Across Europe—Contrived Her Own Death, Hated by Those She Served and Those She Fought



The Gestapo Agent, Hearing Mady Abuse the Fuehrer, Slapped Her Face, Then: "Why, You Are One of Us," He Quavered. "To Hell With Hitler!" Mady Shouted—And Saved Her Life, for the Moment.



apartments. There she would abuse the Germans, for the purpose of enticing some rash member of the Underground to invite her to join, to tell her Underground secrets. A day or two later, the whisperer would be snatched from his bed at midnight, and marched off, a shivering hostage, to the firing squad. Then Mady would seek out the widow and the relatives:

"Oh, my poor people," she would mourn, "you talk too much. Your secrets drift back to the Germans. You ruin yourselves."

She would weep crocodile tears, which her trusting neighbors took for genuine. Once Mady had a narrow escape. It was in a student restaurant in Montmartre. She had been abusing the Germans, to win confidence, when suddenly a stupid Gestapo agent, who had been sitting two tables away, dashed up to her and slapped her face.

"Say 'Heil Hitler' or I will smack you again," he shouted.

"I will NEVER say 'Heil Hitler,'" she flamed.

There was a moment's pause, and a horrible dawning. The dull face of the Gestapo agent lit up, his loose lips parted.

"Why?" he almost hissed, "you—you—are Mady Soyka. You are one of us!"

"You are a stupid fool," she shouted, like a fishwife. But, that time, she had trouble getting away. And she trembled, feeling rather sure her identity was revealed. Then she disappeared for

Mady Soyka, "Countess Varnowska," the Mata Hari of World War II and "Hitler's Cleverest Woman Spy."

months. When finally she returned, she came as "Countess Varnowska," after having committed murder in order to assume that title.

During her absence, Mady had spent some time with an old friend, the real Countess Varnowska. But finally they quarrelled and Mady scratched her friend till she fainted. Into the bleeding wounds Mady poured poison and when the unfortunate woman was dead, she robbed the body of its passport, changed her identity and returned to Paris.

The "Countess Varnowska" opened a gift shop in an apartment in Rue Magador. But her real purpose, of course, was the gathering of news. If she wasn't able to make many friends for Germany, she did ferret out the secrets of that daring band, the Underground. At least, she believed that was what she was doing.

One day a name came to her in the letter of the day, from German headquarters: Etienne Etcheverry.

He was a Corsican patriot, a passport official

with the French police. With his devoted twin, Lucien, he was suspected of Underground plottings. Mady was to look into that and report.

She maneuvered and she lay in wait until she succeeded in meeting him. How this 40-year-old woman managed to charm young Etcheverry I do not know. I can only tell you that she contrived to lure him to a hotel room and made him believe he was falling in love with her, just as she pretended to be falling in love with him. Nevertheless, in the midst of their caressing, she found time to abuse the Germans, as usual.

The next morning, young Etcheverry awakened first and, as he gazed in the gray morning light at the hard, lean face of the sleeping adventuress, he began to suspect that her tirade of the previous evening hadn't been sincere. As he looked back on it, it seemed to have been out of place and uncalled for. The more he thought of it, the more he was convinced that she had been putting on an act for his benefit.

When Mady finally awakened, she saw right away that the young man suspected the truth about her. Even before he spoke, she realized what he was going to say.

"I know who you are now," he said. "You're Mady Soyka—the infamous woman who has brought so much sorrow upon France!"

Mady screamed, as she reached down for the blackjack she always carried. Then she struck Etienne with it, time after time, until she thought he was dead.

Dressing herself as fast as she could, she robbed her victim of all of his official papers and left the hotel. After dispatching the papers to the proper authorities, she returned to her home, satisfied with her night's work.

But she had made two fatal errors. In her eagerness to get away before being discovered, she failed to make sure Etienne was dead—and she left her blackjack lying on the bed.

Some time later, Etienne's faithful twin brother Lucien traced him to the hotel and there discovered a pitiful sight. His memory gone, Etienne lay huddled on the bed, babbling like an idiot and clutching the blackjack.

For weeks, as he nursed his poor brother, Lucien tried to find out what had happened.

"Tell me who struck you," he kept pleading.

"Tell me who stole your papers."

But Etienne only mumbled words that made no sense—and clung to the blackjack.

Then, late one night, Etienne suddenly raised up in his bed, his eyes bright at last with recognition, as he held out the blackjack.

"Mady Soyka!" he said. "She was the one."

Two days later, just as dawn was breaking, the "Countess Varnowska" rolled up in a taxi to the building in Rue Vineuse where she had one of her apartments. As she started to alight, a dark figure detached itself from the shadows around the concierge's shelter.

Terrified, Mady drew back—but too late. The figure sprang forward and struck her with a blackjack. Mady went down without a sound.

The taxi driver had seen all he wanted to see. Throwing his car into gear, he drove away at top speed, leaving Mady lying in the gutter and whoever it was that had attacked her methodically beating the life out of her with her own blackjack.

A nightwatchman discovered her body and took it into her apartment.

Then he reported the case to the police. But no one was ever found who knew anything about how Countess Varnowska came to her death.

It's been reported that when Goebbels heard of it he smiled and remarked:

"They all grow careless, live past their usefulness—and die."



"Next time we kidnap a schoolboy, let's pick one that don't have so much home work."

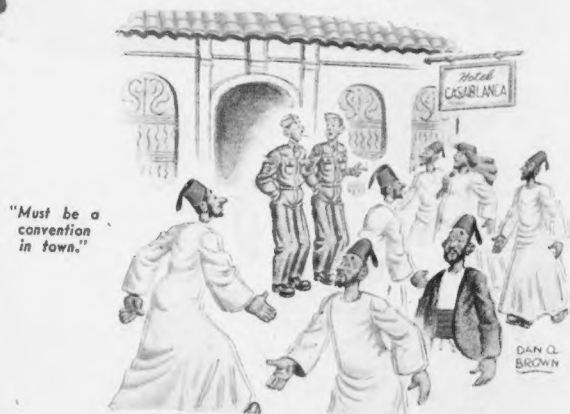
SMILE SAWHILE



"Our new maid hasn't decided yet if she's going to stay."



"This picture is supposed to be priceless, unless the OPA says different."



"Must be a convention in town."

DAN CL. BROWN



On This, the Wedding Day of Schatz and Theodore, There Was No Sign of the Conflict Between Spirituality and Materialism, Which Later Forced Them Apart and Seems to Have Raised Its Head Again in Schatz's Current Alimony Suit.

"I WAS material and not sufficiently spiritual. On the other hand, she was being guided by thoughts and ideals that were above materialism, on a plane greatly above the plane I was living on."

So remarked the wealthy New York broker, Theodore Weicker, Jr., of his wife, Schatz Adams Weicker, when they split up four years ago. However, it is obvious from a lawsuit which Schatz has just started that she is not above taking an occasional interest in things material.

Indeed, the realistic thinking back of this, her latest attack on Theodore's pocketbook, would do credit to a labor leader.

She wants more alimony. But instead of making her appeal on spiritual grounds, she has armed herself with some very down-to-earth facts and figures.

These exhibits show that "the cost of living has increased 7 per cent in the past year."

So why shouldn't she get a raise? Back in 1939, when she and hubby Theodore found it inconvenient to go on living together on their different planes, each sued the other for separation in the New York courts.

Schatz won. Later, Theodore divorced her in Reno and married Dorothy McMartin, ex-spouse of Alan McMartin, the Canadian mining heir, whose income is said to be \$10,000 a week.

Schatz not only refused to accept the Reno decision, but persuaded the New York court to back her up by declaring the divorce null and void.

So when Theodore and Dorothy came home to New York, where he is a partner in the brokerage firm of E. F. Hutton & Co., he found that prim Manhattan jurists refused to acknowledge his new wife as his wife.

It was Schatz or nothing as far as they were concerned; and this peculiar situation has persisted ever since, Theodore and Dorothy living their material lives under a perpetual legal cloud on a Long Island estate, Schatz and her four children by Theodore struggling along in the heartless city, spiritually and legitimately, on

his alimony payments.

This alimony was set at \$833.33 a month when her separation suit was tried.

If she chose to invoke it, the Little Steel formula would thus appear to entitle her to an increase of \$124.99 a month.

But, of course, that formula is concerned solely with adjusting wages to increased living costs.

Schatz says her case is complicated by the fact that Theodore's earnings have soared since 1939 and that Dorothy (whom she refers to as his "alleged wife" and who is said to have collected \$500,000 from McMartin) is generously paying the rent of the Long Island estate.

So, totting up these various factors, she has put in a claim for a round \$1,300 a month, or, in other words, an increase of just a little more than 50 per cent.

Theodore, for his part, denies her allegations and opposes her claim.

The conflict between her "spirituality" and his "materialism" was brought out quite clearly at the time her alimony was granted.

As examples of the former he charged:

That she kept photographs of James Melton, the opera and radio singer, in her boudoir—but no photograph of her husband—and was always playing Melton's records on the phonograph, because she thought he had "a beautiful soul," of which his voice was the expression (Theodore finally hung a picture of himself in the bathroom and, when that did no good, destroyed the Melton photos);

That she used to shut herself up in the closet with a blue sheet (she said the sheet was just to protect her dresses, but he said there weren't any dresses in that closet);

That she collected \$500 from him in cash for a "sick friend" and then "used the \$500 to bail out a spiritualist medium, one 'Dr. Gilbert,' who was in jail."

His materialism was similarly exhibited in her charges:

Is Alimony Wages? Well, Mrs. Weicker Wants a Raise

1300



Theodore Weicker, Jr., Wealthy Broker, the Cause of It All.



Dorothy, Who's Theodore's Wife in Nevada But Not in New York.

the party not only denied this alleged occurrence but were unable to conceive how such a thing would have been possible).

In battling Schatz's current request for more alimony, Theodore may be viewing the problems of living from a standpoint as spiritual as hers is materialistic.

Thus, they may have switched planes. This might appear surprising, but, in her case at least, there would appear to have been some motivation.

For example, portents may have been the occasion on which she allegedly crowned Theodore with a vase and the fact that one of her ancestors was President John Adams, who had his feet on the ground if anybody ever did.

That on many occasions he would chuck female servants under the chin, tickle them and impishly giggle with them;

That she had observed a pair of material looking hands thrusting him out of her bedroom and then discovered that the hands belonged to a governess named Lillian Hands; That, another time, while he was indulging his material taste for midnight snacks at the ice-box, this same Hands had stalked in on him, wearing a quilt as a sarong and nothing above it (Theodore declared that the governess had been sleepwalking and had mistaken him for a nightmare);

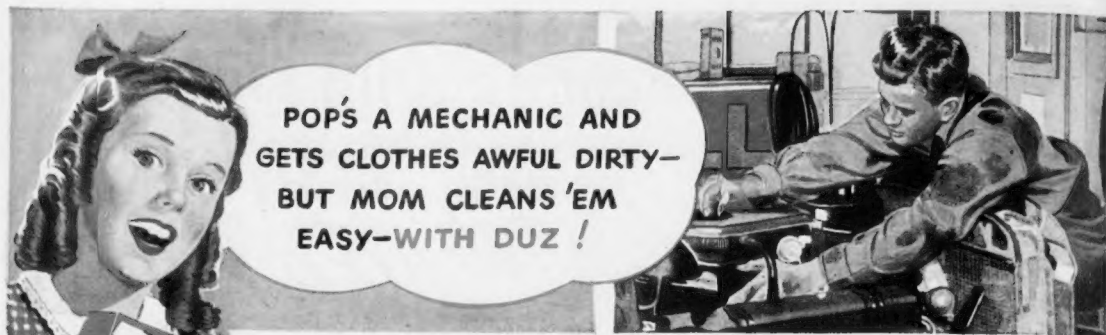
That he had once taken advantage of her absence to import into their Fifth Avenue apartment a couple of showgirls clad in light overcoats and bathing suits;

And that during a theatre party, in the midst of a performance, he had made the most ardent love to a woman in the sixth row. (Other members of

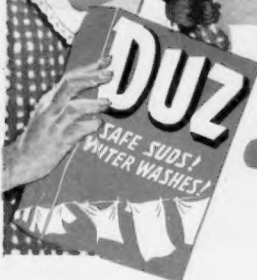


Taking Another Sock at the Try-Your-Strength Alimony Machine, Schatz, Who Won an \$833.33 Award, Now Hopes to Ring the Bell for \$1,300 a Month.

833.33



POP'S A MECHANIC AND
GETS CLOTHES AWFUL DIRTY—
BUT MOM CLEANS 'EM
EASY—WITH DUZ !



DUZ does Everything

— ALL 3 KINDS OF WARTIME WASH !



1 I'VE NEVER SEEN WHITER
TOWELS THAN THESE ! AND
NO NEED FOR BAR SOAP— DUZ
DOES IT ALL BY ITSELF !

2 WHAT IF WAR JOBS DO
MEAN DIRTY WORK-CLOTHES ?
DUZ REALLY **CLEANS** 'EM—
AND EASY !



3 MOMMY SAYS DUZ IS **SAFER**
FOR COLORS—EVEN FOR PRETTY
RAYON UNDIES. HELPS
CLOTHES LAST LONGER, TOO !



DUZ does MORE !

More men at machines these days keep more women at washing machines. If that's your case—or if you just have less time on wasday now—better get DUZ —Procter & Gamble's new kind of soap. It's a whiz for those tough jobs—no soap made gets clothes cleaner or whiter.

And what's more, DUZ is safer for colors—safer than any other leading granulated wasday soap. And kinder to hands—so it's a favorite for dishes, too. DUZ does everything!



Now the Devil's Throat Will Starve



Mexican Authorities Trying to Recover the Last Victim of the Devil's Throat Were Unsuccessful, For No Human Morsel Ever Has Escaped It.

Mexico's Dreadful Pit of Horror That Has Swallowed So Many Crime Victims, Suicides and Others Is at Last Sealed Against More Human Feasts

By WILLIAM SEABROOK

THEY'VE dropped him down the Devil's Throat—they've fed him to the Devil," has been a whispered synonym for hideous and mysterious murder in and near Mexico City much longer than anybody can remember.

It sounds like a figure of speech, but ever since the days of the Conquistadors it has had a horrible and literal reality.

For the Devil's Throat was a 20-foot-wide hole in the ground near Taxco, a few hours' drive from the Mexican capital, dropping to a bottomless pit of death which had swallowed countless victims. How many skeletons of murdered men and women were mouldering down below, how many recent corpses, how deep it was, no man could say.

But the Devil's Throat has gulped its last dread feast. As the result of a recent double murder, only a few weeks old, the mayor of Taxco, a citizens' committee and officials of the American Smelting Company, which has 12 mines in the vicinity, sent workmen to seal the Pit of Horror. When they'd finished the job, a mound of logs, concrete and boulders sealed the dreaded Devil's lips forever.

Within recent years, screams had been heard more than once at night

from that evil, haunted spot; an unfaithful bride and her lover had been taken for a ride there never to return; a dancehall girl had similarly disappeared; rival politicians, warring gangsters had dropped their victims down the hole in broad daylight.

Some of the murderers had paid the penalty, but the pit of horror still gaped wide, as it had for centuries. It had gaped indeed for the same horrid human food ever since ancient Aztec times.

An archeologist, once lowered part way, found two Aztec daggers imbedded in a jutting rock of the side wall. He was convinced that they were evidence of prehistoric murders or possible human sacrifices, but reported that the hole widened and opened into what seemed a vast, bottomless cave in the bowels of the earth, impossible to explore further.

What finally aroused the officials in the recent double murder was that one of the victims was a policeman. As nearly as the crime could be reconstructed, two Mexicans had been hired to arrange the "disappearance" of a Taxco citizen, had taken him to



An Archeologist Retrieved Aztec Ritual Daggers, Which Indicated the Pit Had Once Been Used for Human Sacrifice. And Right: Artist's Diagram Showing How, 380 Feet Down, the Hole Widens to Unfathomable Depths.



the entrance of the Devil's Throat and were about to push him in, when the policeman appeared and was thrown in, too, alive or dead, in the ensuing struggle.

The murderers insisted the policeman had fallen in by accident during the brawl, and an attempt to rescue the two bodies was considered. But it was abandoned on the advice of Exequiel Ordanez, Mexico City's leading geologist. The hole had been probed 380 feet down, where it widened, leading to unknown depths, unfathomable and probably filled with noxious, stagnant gasses.

The impossibility of producing the corpus delicti in this or any other case in which the victim had gone down the Devil's Throat, influenced the authorities to close at last this too-convenient and too-silent "graveyard of murder mystery." For the same identical difficulty had confronted the authorities, not only of Taxco but of

Mexico City itself, in more than one sinister, mysterious disappearance.

People still remembered with shudders the unsolved case of the beautiful Carmela Cienfuega, the bride who changed her mind on her wedding day and has never been seen or heard of since—unless the scream that night from the Devil's Throat was hers.

Carmela was betrothed to a proud, reputedly dissolute man three times her age, but wealthy. The banns had been published, the day set. The cathedral was already alight for the great church wedding.

But the bride-to-be had eloped at the last moment with a poor, almost unknown young actor. They went by bus toward Acapulco, on the highway which passes near the Devil's Throat, and behind them on the road, or so it was later said, were two closed cars, belonging to the aged, powerful, humiliated bridegroom.

The bus driver and other passengers reported, after the disappearance, that Carmela and Rodriguez Montero had descended at Taxco and had asked the way to a priest's house. They never arrived at the priest's house. They were never seen again on earth.

Peasants passing near the Devil's Throat that night say they heard shrill screams. But screams heard by peasants, or imagined, from a spot already held in superstitious terror, are not sufficient evidence for a court of law.

It was the same in the case of a Mexico City dancehall girl, named Theresa Muendoz. Her disappearance caused less of a furor, and there was still less evidence to go on. There had been some bitter jealousy about her, some flashing of knives, a couple of fights. When she disappeared, the unprovable whisper in the underworld was that the "Devil's Nostril" (another name for the hideous death hole), had sniffed her out.

The most ghastly thing about these and many other suspected cases was that without the evidence of actual eye-witnesses, nothing could be proved.

More definite is the knowledge that in past political turmoil, the Devil's Throat was used by at least one powerful family as a dumping ground for bodies of its victims.

The old hidalgo used to have the bodies taken there by truckloads, and on one occasion when he decided there was a man among the chauffeurs he couldn't trust, he knocked the suspected traitor on the head and had him tossed into the hole also.

What with those bloody transactions en masse, plus individual victims, the Taxco authorities believe the mortal remains of more than 100 persons lie at the bottom of this now sealed Pit of Horror.

Press and public in Mexico are loud in their acclaim of the present mayor and his associates who put an end to the abomination, while peasants say, "Now the Devil's Throat will starve."

But as they pass the evil spot, they still cross themselves and shudder.

With the Aid of a Saw
Hidden in Her Corset,
Marion Let Herself
Out of Hackensack's
\$1,000,000 Escape-Proof
Jail.



Marion Brazier, When
She Was Duping Opu-
lent Victims as "Lady
Robbins."

3-Year Pause in "The Wasp's" 1-Woman Crime Wave

*I am leaving the jail
and please tell Allyn to
laugh this off. I had
the saw in my corsets
when Mrs. Tuhine
searched me.*

and not stolen either. (Also, she can speak Chinese, it says here on the record, which was not written by a Chinese.)

Anyhow, she next worked in department stores, which were unaware of the fact for some time. Her job was this: She would hide her hat and coat, tuck a pencil in her hair and, pretending to be a saleswoman, waylay little "cash girls" and take sales money from them.

Resuming the literary life, in a Baltimore bank she watched until a wealthy-enough gentleman threw away a spoiled deposit slip, retrieved it, deposited a few dollars to his account as a convincer, then drew out the rest in his name, which she had learned to write very prettily.

Then came the "Lady Robbins" episode.

It happened in a New Jersey town so swank that they fed the pigeons with crepe-suzette crumbs. Lady Robbins, equipped with limousine, liveried chauffeur and British accent, explained to a real estate man that she was in a dreadful hurry—having the Ambassador to tea and all that sort of thing—but she did so frightfully want to rent a largish estate for the summer, and did he have any photographs?

He did, and she selected one, wrote



There Was a
Sitting in the Note
The Elusive
"Wasp" Left
After Her Jail
Break, and
There's Plenty
Left in Her
Today.

out a largish check as a deposit and got a receipt for it. With the receipt she so impressed tradespeople from whom she ordered supplies for the estate that they accepted in payment largish checks made out to her—and gave her the difference in cash.

So did a lot of other people, including, it is said, Tiffany's—\$6,000 here—and a Boston man appropriately known as "Generous Tom" Wye, who went bankrupt buying her short stories—back from their first purchasers.

But then a middle-class sort of person who ran a roadhouse stupidly failed to be impressed by the accent-chauffeur-limousine layout, and she landed in the brand-new county jail in Hackensack, New Jersey.

She landed complete with corset, however, and it wasn't long—Oct. 28, 1925—before she unlatched herself, leaving behind a sawed-off cell bar and a thoughtful note explaining the presence of the figure-moulding hardware and concluding: "The matron who searched me couldn't find a

flea on a Mexican hairless dog."

She really devoted herself to the Muse, then. She paid another visit to Boston, and the visit was all she paid; the town paid the rest—more than a thousand swindles in 18 months, the police said. With a tennis-ball cheek she reserved a \$700 suite on a North German Lloyd liner, and by displaying the receipt treated herself to such gifties as, in a single haul, one mink coat, \$300 worth of stockings, \$2500 cash.

The Boston cops considered these maneuvers too ostentatious for good taste, and they got on her trail by means of an empty prescription-whiskey bottle. Also, they found a clue to the liveried chauffeur. He bought the same three New York newspapers every day; no dopes, the Boston cops watched news-stands for him.

But where they finally caught up with Marion was in the office of Generous Tom, whom she was persuading to re-live up to his nickname. There she humbly remarked: "I am a super-woman. I can make any man or organization in the world give me anything I want."

It must have been five years she wanted, because that is what the Boston men and organizations gave her. And after that, who should be waiting at the jail gate but the New Jersey sheriff from whom she had escaped six years before.

This time she went to the Clinton, N. J., Reformatory for Women, weighed down, no doubt, if not with weeds at least with her trusty home-workshop foundation garment, for by 1932 she had escaped again. It was October 23, not 28, this time—a typographical error on her part.

Ensued, as they say, certain incidents, such as the loss of \$400,000 by a North Shore of Massachusetts jewelry shop in 1934.

Then, also in 1934, our heroine, now "The Countess," sits chatting with some 30 victims in a New York courtroom while Judge George L. Donnelly makes up his mind to sentence her to up to three years in the pen.

And just the other day, as stated, she was once more in a New York courtroom because some tailor got fussy about a \$150 check. Same judge, same sentence.

When the three years are up, a dozen warrants from such places as Boston, Chicago, Cleveland and Philadelphia will be waiting.

Meanwhile, if they're still making corsets—well, some time late in next October, say . . .

CHEVROLET *Is Doing So Much To Give America*



Two Types of Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Engines, One for B-24 Liberator Bombers and One for C-47 and C-53 Cargo Planes

More AIRPOWER

Month after month, Chevrolet is turning out large numbers of Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines for B-24 Liberator bombers, "scourge of the skies," and C-47 and C-53 cargo planes, "workingest airplanes in existence" . . . and, as the world's second largest producer of aluminum forgings, is supplying a score of engine and aircraft builders with huge quantities of these vital forgings.

More FIREPOWER

Only the man behind the gun knows what the gun means to the soldier. . . . It is his main weapon of offense and defense, for it is firepower that wins battles on land and sea and in the air. . . . Chevrolet is making its full contribution to America's firepower by helping to build vast numbers of the giant 90-mm. guns which are dealing destruction to enemy tanks and planes.



90-mm. Anti-Aircraft Guns for America's Armed Forces

More SHELLPOWER

Millions of high-explosive and armor-piercing shells are pouring from Chevrolet plants to help our fighting men blast the Axis on battlefronts all over the globe. . . . For this project Chevrolet flies the Army-Navy "E" flag with honor star for continued excellent performance—just as it flies three Army-Navy "E" flags for its contributions to America's airpower.



High-Explosive and Armor-Piercing Shells

More HORSEPOWER

For more than three years, Chevrolet has been building scores of thousands of military trucks . . . contributing to the nation's supply of "4x2's, 4x4's and 6x6's," as the Army calls them. . . . Add the tremendous horsepower of these units to the millions of horsepower in Chevrolet-built aircraft engines and you'll have some idea of how much Chevrolet is adding to America's horsepower for war.



Thousands Upon Thousands of Military Trucks

More PRODUCTION POWER

In addition to making aircraft engines—guns—shells—trucks—aluminum forgings—magnesium castings and many another war product, Chevrolet also is turning out parts by the million for more than 120 other war producers, both within and without General Motors. All of us are working together to win this war, and Chevrolet is doing its full share by building Volume for Victory.

CHEVROLET DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



Mass-Producing Two Types of Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Engines



TO SPEED VICTORY BUY U.S. WAR BONDS



A Polynesian "Vahine," Soft-Eyed, Happy, Carefree and Indolent, Whose One Aim Is to Enjoy Life.

By CAPT. GUSTAF JOHNSON
No. 3—The Island of Lost Treasure

IN THAT mighty stretch of emptiness we call the Pacific there are millions of tiny islands that are seldom seen by man. Some of them are spots marked (X) in the charts. Others are marked uninhabited. Yet some of them have queer histories.

I've heard strange yarns in the drink shops in the islands. One night in the Liberty Bell on Nanumea that our boys took last Fall I listened to a grizzled old schooner-man talking of pirate islands and treasure.

I guess the old-time buccaneers did get around to the Pacific. For that matter, the Bounty boys were pirates, since they'd stolen a King's ship. Pirates, too, manned the Manila galleon that Drake hunted. Oh, there must have been plenty. And there must have been plenty of islands where they hid their loot.

This schooner-man told of an old beachcomber he met in a grog shop in Papeiti. The old wreck was mooching drinks like they all do and the yarns he told of little-known islands showed that he'd been up to a lot of tricks the police would have liked to know about.

He talked most of Suvarrow. That little ring of islands is in the Cook Group and uninhabited now; just a bird sanctuary.

"I bin tryin' ter git there fer years," whined the whiskey old bum. "Cawn't git no skipper ter take me. An' I cawn't afford a wessel or I'd go by myself. Anyway," he stared into the bottom of his glass until the schooner-man filled it for him, "you know 'ow it is, cap'n. I'm a old man nah, too feeble ter git about. All I'm good for is a few more drinks—thenkew—and then the bleedin' grive yard."

"Nah, yo're a fine upstandin' young feller.

The South Seas Were NEVER

When Those Handsome Vahines Spotted That Castaway They Screeched and Made for Him. "Man B'long Me!" Yelled One, Getting a Grip on His Neck. The Rest Grabbed Holds Where They Could and Between Them They Pulled the Would-Be King to Pieces.



led the man to the bar.

"Look," showed him a chart of the Atoll. He gnawed at the marked entrance.

south of the entrance, marked with an X. Then he sketch of the island and a tree.

"Yer digs under that iron spinducks," I swear it's there." He pulled at the schooner-man's glass. "Nah, yer got that chest all safe aboard yer ship, yer goes ter this island." He marked a spot with a double XX. "There's another there, too. There ain't no marker, but it's okay. I ain't sure 'ow much there, ye'll ave yer twenty bucks worth."

Next morning the schooner-man woke up looking at that dirty scrap of paper. He it about for some time. Then, he thought he had a look. But he didn't expect to find a late ring in the ocean, mad with the sea of seabirds that wheeled about his head.

He put over a whaleboat and darned if he found just where the bum had marked the ironwood tree on an island inside the reef. He was ashore in two seconds and Kanakas clear bush and dig under the tree.

There was the iron chest all right. He carried it aboard and he lost the key. He dug the lid off.

Inside were rolls of English, Spanish and some of them dated back to seventeen something. "That was the last of it."

He locked it up in the safe and sailed for the other island, marked XX. He was there for a week but they didn't find the treasure. The schooner-man was getting nervous. He wanted to know what was in it. He upped anchor and sailed away.

Many people believe that Suvarrow is a port of call for Magellan's men; it was found on the largest island in the group.

Back in the old "free days" all a man could do was find an uninhabited island and do what made it his. Trading with Australia and New Zealand often sent the crews and stores to get up posts on the islands.

One such party clearing bush on



When Not Working, Which Means Most of the Time, the Island Girls Like Nothing Better Than to Loil in Their Bathing Pools Where They Sing, Gossip and Make Flower Headdresses. And Woe Betide the Lone Man Who Interrupts Them.

Calm



waterline and buried it, marking the tree and position carefully. Then he filled the hole, shoved some of the rings on his fingers, and tucked a few coins in the money belt, the only thing he wore. Then there was a shout from the brigantine. He saw a hurricane lantern and heard the creak of a boat being lowered.

They had missed him and were after him! He ran to the house and banged on the door. Sterndale was glad to see his friend.

"What we going to do?" "Better get into the fort. Fernandez means to get us."

Before morning they were in the old fort. But Fernandez was under the walls and they couldn't bring the guns to bear on him. He piled brushwood there and set fire to it. By night they were smoked out. They agreed to a truce and Fernandez took them back to Aukland.

There was a nasty mess. Fernandez said they'd tried to kill him. Sterndale said it was in self-defense. The authorities couldn't tell who was lying and who was not so they wouldn't let any of them have the island. And so it stayed, empty, until 1889, when the British flag was hoisted over it.

Mair made up his mind to go back for the treasure as soon as he could finance the trip. He went up to Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides to recruit labor for the sugar plantations in Fiji. But he was knocked over the head by the natives who had a grudge against white men.

Some of the rings are still in possession of his family. But the rest of the loot still lies under that banyan tree—maybe.

found ancient pits that had been used for lime. They dug up old stone platforms that they used to build

houses. And one man found very old muskets and a number of skeletons in an old pit.

In 1874, H. B. Sterndale, one of the real old-time island-hoppers, persuaded a New Zealand firm to annex Suvarrow for a copra station. They sent him with a ship and stores and enough Kandakas to clear bush and plant coconut trees.

He built a house and a fort with that old stone and mounted three guns in it to keep off such people as Bully Hayes and old Ben Pease. Sterndale's partner was Henry Mair, a well known New Zealand pioneer. They planted coconuts and found plenty of pearl shell in the lagoon.

After a couple of years, there was some sort of dispute between Sterndale and the Aukland firm. And in 1876 they sent a Captain Fernandez with a ship to take over the island. By this time Mair was acting supercargo in one of the firm's brigantines.

Sterndale, who had his wife with him, refused to hand the island over and holed up in the house. The men under Fernandez fired at the iron water tank to try to drive them out by thirst. Then Mair's brigantine arrived and anchored off the island.

Mair tried to get ashore to his pal but his captain wouldn't let him go.

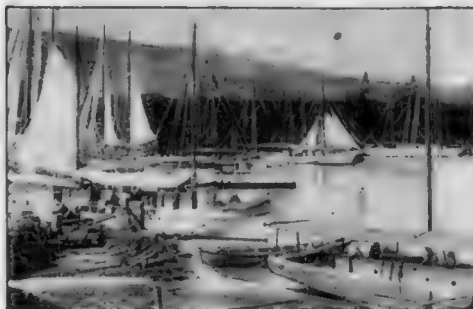
That didn't stop Mair. He waited until night, then smeared himself with coconut oil to keep sharks off. He slid overside into the black and silent water and started swimming toward the beach, a half mile away. Once or twice he felt sharks near and kicked out in panic, but he reached the beach.

Then he heard something something shuffling in the sand nearby. He lay there scarcely daring to breathe until he was able to make out a cow turtle turning round and round in the sand, making a nest to lay her eggs in. Then he heard the clink of metal.

He crawled forward and scared the turtle back into the water. In the hole she had made were several silver coins.

He knelt, grubbing in the hole, and found a rusted iron box. As he heaved at it the bottom fell out and a cascade of coins, jeweled rings, necklaces and stuff fell into the sand. "Spanish treasure," he whispered.

He was mother naked, so he couldn't carry the stuff with him. He grubbed up all he could find, carried it to a banyan tree up from the



Tahiti Schooners That Fly All Over the Pacific Braving Hurricanes; Cannibals and Uncharted Reefs in Search of Pearls, Trade and Adventure.

There's a story of a mighty peculiar murder that took place on Anchorage Island in the Suvarrow second.

A Tahiti man imported a couple dozen Manahiki girls to dive for pearl shell there. Stores were left for them and the schooner was to come back and pick them up after a month or so.

Those Manahiki girls are mighty handsome and also mighty outspoken when it comes to men. Some of them belonged to a little-known cult that believed in carrying off their men, just as the men in the old days kidnapped their women.

They wouldn't see any men for weeks and some of them were regretting their bargain.

On the schooner was a supercargo, one of those no-good rascals you see about the beaches. He was a smartie; one of those boys who believed he was too clever to have to work. He figured out what he thought was the ideal holiday for a smart young man.

He dived overboard as the schooner cleared the reef and swam ashore, thinking he was going to be king of a mighty fine harem.

What a shock he got! When those gals saw him come out of the sea they made for him.

"Man blong me!" yelled one, and got a grip on his neck.

"My tane!" hollered another, heaving on his arm.

The rest grabbed where they could and tugged. Those Manahiki gals are handsome, all right, but they're strong too, strong as men and stronger than the smartie.

Between them they pulled him to pieces.

Those powerful damsels hung on like grim death, screaming and fighting, each one trying to keep the only man in sight for herself. The first second must have been fun for the clever one; having a lot of girls fighting over him. But he forgot they were savages. And all of a sudden he knew they'd never let him go. He must have gone through terrible agony before the maddened women let his torn body drop.

They fought among themselves for a while. Then they mourned. But that didn't do him much good.

And that's Suvarrow; that bird-haunted ring of coral in the Cook Group. Scarlet-throated bosun birds, boobies, albatrosses, all kinds, scream and wheel above the hungry sharks in that sinister lagoon. And on the beaches red and blue robber crabs a foot and a half across climb their nippers and crack coconuts fast as they fall.

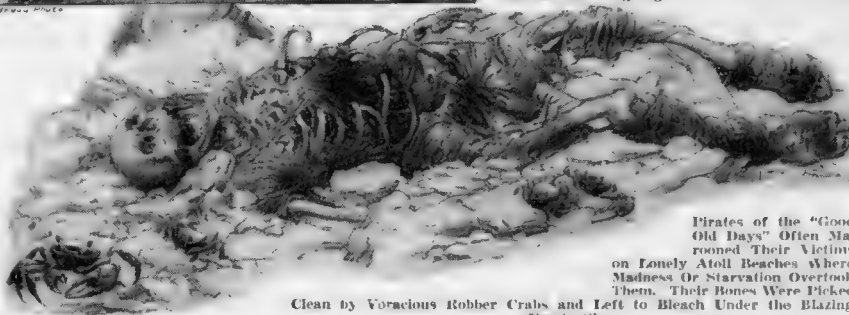
Von Luckner in the last war knew Suvarrow. Our boys know it now. Castaways have been taken off the islands raving with madness, brought on by the ceaseless pressure of wind and the mad screams of the birds. Murder and worse have been done there. Pirates have marooned their victims there.

And somewhere under the swaying, haunted trees lies a great treasure of gems and gold.

I hope one of our boys finds it.

What a tale he'd have to tell!

Next week Cap'n Johnson tells of "Paradise Plumes and Long Pig."



Clean by Voracious Robber Crabs and Left to Bleach Under the Blazing Empty Sky.

Pirates of the "Good Old Days" Often Marooned Their Victims on Lonely Atoll Beaches Where Madness Or Starvation Overtook Them. Their Bones Were Picked

Consider the Case of J. Noodle McSpoon

(a man born 900 years too soon!)



1 Oh, what an optimist is our amiable and fictitious friend McSpoon! Somebody told him that we'll soon be living on nothing but little food pills—you know, a gulp and a swallow. So he's practising up by eating sip-and-run breakfast!



2 Of course, doctors and dietitians don't agree with McSpoon. They say everyone needs up-and-at-'em food in the morning—because that's when vitality's low. They say everyone should get at least one quarter of his daily nourishment at breakfast.



3 Uncle Sam, too, thinks McSpoon's all wet. You see, the government's "Basic 7" Foods program urges everyone to get whole-grain nourishment every day. And that's the kind of nourishment you get in Post Toasties—the "gee-ain't-life-wonderful" cereal! Bursting with B₁, too, for energy.



4 Ah, now—suppose McSpoon sat down to a mouth-watering bowlful of crispy, honey-colored Post Toasties, swimming in milk, piled with fruit. Brother, he'd cut out those sip-and-run breakfasts pronto—and we mean fast!



*Eat a good breakfast
—do a better job!*

LISTEN TO THOSE WHO KNOW!

- Government authorities say that most of us don't eat an adequate breakfast.
- Doctors and dietitians agree that we should get at least one-quarter morning at breakfast.
- In a survey of nutritionists, 424 out of 413 said an adequate breakfast should include both fruit and a cereal with whole grain nourishment.
- All General Foods cereals provide whole-grain nourishment.

Post Toasties
Corn Flakes

GRAPE-NUTS • GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES
GRAPE-NUTS WHEAT-MEAL • POST TOASTIES
POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

Post Toasties
A GENERAL FOODS CEREAL

Broken Marriages Repaired on Machine



The Jealous Pie-Salesman Was Slinging Angry Accusations Instead of Pastry As He and the Wife He Didn't Trust Battled Their Way Into the Divorce Court.

THOUGH we modern humans live largely by machinery, we look upon our useful mechanical slaves as being mere steel-and-plastic monsters without brain or heart.

There are gadgets, however, that seem to possess a little of both—so much so that they might be tagged with one of the classical nicknames *deus ex machina*—a quaint appellation coming from the old theatrical custom of having gods and goddesses appear suddenly on overhead cables during tense romantic scenes.

Certainly, it was a real "god out of the machine" that functioned in a recent Chicago domestic battle, when a "lie detector" was used to reconcile Patrick Lyons, 23, a jealous pie salesman, and Mrs. Margaret Lyons, his suspected, but innocent, wife.

Some three years ago, after a party in the Lyons home, Margaret felt ill, and a guest placed his hand on her shoulder and said solicitously, "Hya Toot."

According to Margaret, the incident made her husband suspicious. From being suspicious, he became jealous, and, finally, accusing.

He really had no more justification than Othello, when he got upset about Desdemona's missing handkerchief.

However, the upshot was that the couple separated.

Then came Margaret's turn to doubt. She heard rumors that Patrick was spending a lot of his pie-seller's commissions on a certain "Jane Doe," and, accordingly, she sued for divorce.

Judge Joseph Sabath, known as Chicago's reconciling jurist, pleaded with them to "try it again" for the sake of their two children, Robert and Richard.

"I can't go back to my wife as long as I have doubts," replied Patrick.

Margaret was adamant, too. She declared that she had never seen that "Hya Toots" man before or since the party. Yet, she stated, her husband had hounded her for three years over the incident. And then there was "Miss Doe."

"It doesn't matter what I've done," responded Patrick. "A man must be sure of his wife. I must have absolute proof that Margaret is true to me before I'll consider going back to her."

Into this apparent deadlock was introduced the lie detector. Patrick agreed he'd believe it—though he wouldn't believe his wife. Margaret, to prove she wasn't hiding anything, said, "Certainly, I'll take the test."

Margaret staked not only her reputation on the verdict of the machine, but risked also the love of her husband and, perhaps, the custody of her children.

But she was willing, preferring it as a last alternative to divorce.



Margaret Lyons Staked Everything—Home, Husband and Her Two Children—On a Test by the Lie Detector.



The Husband Jumped At Wrong Conclusions When Another Man Said, "Hya Toots?" and Patted His Wife's Shoulder, But the Infallible Psycho-Detecto-Meter's Pointer Stuck at "True" When the Missus Said It Wasn't So.

So the attorneys for both parties arranged the test, in the Chicago laboratories of Dr. Orlando F. Scott. And the drama in which the lie detector, technically known as the psychogalvanometer, or "psycho-detecto-meter," acted as judge and jury was begun.

Dr. Scott explained to Patrick and Margaret that the meter shows no change when the subject tells the

truth. But whenever she answers with a lie, her brain will generate an increased amount of electricity which will show by movement of the needle on the dial.

Margaret sat with her back to the "psycho-detecto-meter."

In the palm of her right hand she clutched the silver plate connected by wire with the instrument as she answered the seemingly endless, and



The Suit Was Dropped and the Couple Who Went Into Court Like Roaring Lions Walked Out Like a Couple of Lambs.

some of them irrelevant, questions. This was the test.

Dr. Scott: Are you sitting in a chair?

Margaret: Yes.

The needle had not moved. Margaret was telling the truth, the machine indicated.

Dr. Scott: Would you like to have Judge Sabath take your children away as the result of this test?

Margaret: Yes.

The needle moved violently to the other side of the dial. It should have. This was a trick question—a test. Of course, she did not want her children taken away from her.

Now came the important questions. Dr. Scott: Have you ever been intimate with any other man than your husband since your marriage?

Margaret: No, I most certainly have not.

Patrick's eyes were glued to the meter. The needle did not budge.

Dr. Scott: Have you been intimate with the man your husband suspected?

Margaret: No sir.

The needle remained motionless.

Dr. Scott: Were you ever in love with "John Doe?"

Margaret: No.

The needle was still.

Dr. Scott: Is it true that the time your husband saw "John Doe's" arm over your shoulder in your home at a party when you were ill he was merely sympathizing with you?

Margaret: Absolutely. That's all it amounted to.

The needle still stuck in the dead spot. And the test ended with everybody agreeing that Patrick's suspicions were groundless.

Returning to court, Patrick admitted he had been wrong and pleaded with Margaret to withdraw her suit.

At first Margaret held out for divorce and alimony. She was still mad about "Jane Doe," and also at being unduly suspected. Then her husband's lawyer spoke for him.

"My client," he said, "was possessed by the green-eyed monster. By going around with another woman he was just trying to heal his hurt ego."

That sounded reasonable. And, when Patrick agreed never to err again, his wife forgave him.

The suit was dropped, and they left court arm in arm, their happiness saved by the god in the machine.

While the detector testimony is not recognized in courts, its most recent use suggests vast possibilities.

Obviously, if spouses are willing, the test can be given in cases of jealousy, thus averting heartbreaks.

Desdemona probably would have taken the test gladly, so anxious was she to vindicate her good name.

Then again, it is possible that some of the noted suspects of history would have refused to take the test—and with reason.



The Red Widow Mystery

From the American Weekly's recollections of famous crimes that mystified us in the past and challenged our best detective genius.

Two Unsolved Murders That Shed Unexpected Light on the Strange Death of a President of France

By THEODORE ROSCOE

CONSIDER, as a Frenchman might say, the extreme frightfulness of the crimes that took place during the night of May 30, 1908, in the villa of Adolphe Steinheil, popular portrait painter and decorator, the great friend of the President of the Republic.

Remy Couillard, M. Steinheil's valet, found the artist in the bathroom, strangled. In the next room lay his mother-in-law, Madame Japy, dead.

In a nearby bedroom was the artist's beautiful wife, Marguerite, bound hand and foot, a gag tied tightly between her teeth.

To Chief Inspector Octave Hamard of the Bureau Supérieur, Marguerite Steinheil related an astounding story.

"The clock was striking midnight," she told him, "when I was awakened by a hand over my mouth. Three black-bearded men and a woman were around my bed. They wore long black cloaks and queer, conical hats.

"One of the men said: 'Give us the jewels and the papers or we will kill you, your husband and your mother.' 'I begged and when I came to, I found I was alone. I did not know what had happened until Remy found me.'

Remy had heard nothing. Neither had the cook, nor her son.

No one in the neighborhood had seen weird, cloaked figures.

Whoever they were, they had rummaged through Marguerite's bureau, unsacked a desk, and, she said, stolen pearls worth \$100,000.

Were the pearls registered? No, they were the gift of a "friend."

And the papers? They were documents of a private nature.

The officers found no rope burns on her wrists or ankles, no mark of violence from the gag. The boulevard buzzed with the sensation.

Then something must have shut Hamard's mouth. Politics? The inquiry returned a verdict of "Crime of debauchery; killers unknown."

Madame Steinheil left Paris. Then five months after the murder, she telephoned a newspaper.

"I have just learned of a clue," Widow Steinheil declared. "The night before the tragedy, a costume shop on the Left Bank rented three black robes and false hair."

The costume shop proprietor recalled the incident clearly.

But Chief Inspector Hamard scented trickery. He sent Marguerite a photograph of a bearded American named Burlington. Marguerite identified the man as one of the assassins. Burlington furnished an alibi.

On November 10th she told a reporter she believed Remy Couillard guilty and suggested they search the valet's room.

In a floor crack under the valet's bed they found a pearl!

Then Marguerite Steinheil con-



The Steinheil Villa on the Impasse Ronsin, Scene of the Murders Which Rocked Paris.

fessed that she had planted the pearl to scare Remy into a confession.

"Mariette, the cook, and her son Alexander are the murderers!" she sobbed to the confused police.

Mariette and Alexander hurled oaths at Marguerite, denouncing her and proved an alibi.

"Ask her why she sent the dog, Turc, away that night!" Mariette screamed. "Ask her why she sent her little daughter, Marthe, away. Ask her about her country villa! Ask her about her mysterious Aunt Lili!"

Hamard did ask, and learned that her villa had been the gift of a rich M. Borderel. Other men had provided gowns, jewels, a landaulet. To cover these tokens of friendship, Marguerite had invented a mythical "Aunt Lili."

When this news spread, the boulevard began to call Marguerite the "Red Widow."

She could not explain her daughter's absence nor why she sent away the watchdog.

On November 26th she was accused of the double murder.

Her lawyers stalled the trial for a year, and during this time a strange story was whispered.

This tale went back nine years to a night in February, 1899.

On that evening (two nights after St.

Valentine's Day) Mme. Steinheil went out. In an hour, she returned, in hysterics, her gown torn, her pompadour a tangled mass, and from one side tresses had been shorn away!

Steinheil ran to his wife's room. "Marguerite—" he cried. Then he backed from the room without a word.

The maid never forgot the episode. The date was the same night the nation went into mourning for the sudden death of Felix Faure, President of France.

The "Red Widow" had been a frequent visitor at the Presidential Palace.

Crowds stormed the courtroom, offering as high as \$250 for seats, when Marguerite's trial opened November 3rd, 1909.

Marguerite's letters, love life and laundry were held up to

the rage, laughter and tears of the crowd.

They applauded when Antony Aubin, for the defense, asked how a weak woman could strangle two people—"And why would she want to kill her mother?"

They wildly cheered the verdict of "Not guilty!"

Marguerite went into seclusion, a year later to publish her "Memoirs."

After her daughter was born, she wrote, she needed a holiday in the Alps, and at Thermignon she met Felix Faure.

Back in Paris, the President called at her home.

Faure made her his confidante, she wrote, and asked her to keep his secret documents. And finally, on St. Valentine's Day, 1899, he gave her the \$100,000 string of pearls. Two nights later he was dead.

And it was these pearls, these papers, that the cloaked assassins wore after nine years later.

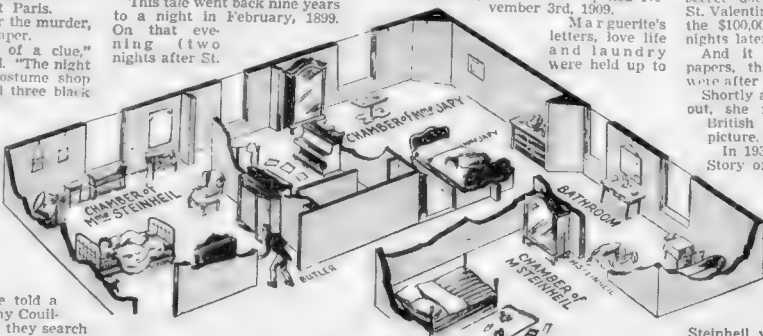
Shortly after the World War broke out, she married an impoverished British peer, and faded from the picture.

In 1937, appeared a book—"The Story of Secret Service"—containing a curious echo to the "Red Widow" case.

The statement is made concerning Mata Hari, caught by the French in 1916: "She was removed to the prison of Saint Lazare and assigned to a cell which formerly had been occupied by Mme.

Steinheil, whose pistol extinguished a President of the Republic."

A footnote to that revealing chapter gives the President's name as "Felix Faure."



The Second Floor of the Steinheil Villa, Where the "Red Widow's" Artist Husband and Mother Were Killed to Furnish One of France's Most Spectacular Mysteries.



Mme. Marguerite Steinheil, "Red Widow," and Close Friend of President Faure.

This is the orange a **FLORIDA** Orange . . . that answers

YES!

To All Your Eager Wartime Questions

Has it **EXTRA JUICE?**



YES! Just loads of extra juice. So why not do as the soda fountains do? Get Floridas—and serve a delicious "Double Orange Juice" to all the family every morning!

Has it **EXTRA VITAMIN C?**



YES! Because Florida oranges give you so much extra juice, therefore they fortify you and those active youngsters of yours the natural way—with extra vitamin C.

Is it **EXTRA WHOLESOME?**



YES! Uncle Sam's nutrition program says every man, every woman and child in wartime America needs vitamin C daily—for strong muscles, blood vessels, and bone!

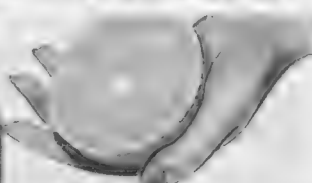
EXTRA FLAVORY and SWEET?



YES! A Florida orange is as sweet, as refreshing—as utterly delicious an orange as Mother Nature grows! You will find it pays you always to insist upon Floridas.



An **EXTRA BIG BARGAIN?**



YES! Just see how thin-skinned they are! And how little of that white, wasteful "rag." Every penny you spend for Floridas buys **EXTRA JUICE—extra VITAMIN C.**



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Yes...get  **FLORIDA ORANGES**
for Extra Juice

No Sneezing Allowed



This Little Hillside, New Jersey, Grammar School Girl Will Spread No Germs When She Coughs or Sneezes—and the School Authorities Won't Send Her Home Unless Her Temperature Gets Up to 99 Degrees.

GAUZE masks, worn by sniffling youngsters, are the answer of a small town physician, Dr. William Wacker, Junior, of Hillside, New Jersey, to the problem of cutting down on the spread of colds among

the village school children. Since the introduction of Dr. Wacker's novel, but simple, idea at the Hurden Looker Grammar School in Hillside, where he serves as school medic, there has been a notable drop in sick-

ness and absenteeism among the pupils.

Under his scheme any child with a cold has to don a gauze mask—similar to those worn by surgeons in operating rooms—over the mouth and the nose.

These face coverings, changed every day, are turned out in quantities by the seventh grade sewing class, are comfortable and porous enough to let the youngsters talk clearly, but nevertheless thick enough to filter out germ-spreading coughs and sneezes.

When the plan was first started in October, 1941, teachers had some difficulty in getting the kids to wear the masks because the youngsters looked on them as something for sissies—but now the face coverings are accepted.

With over three years of experimenting behind him, Dr. Wacker is convinced that his idea is the best way to lick the spread of the common cold.

A recent countryside school survey showed that cases of colds outnumbered other diseases 25 to one. On the average every child is away from school, nursing the sniffles, three days out of the year.

There have been all kinds of ideas for preventing colds, but physicians agree that the best remains the simplest—keep away from people who have them. As this is impossible in schoolrooms where youngsters sit within a few feet of each other—Dr. Wacker's plan seems to be the perfect solution. A notable drop in illness at the Hurden Looker school since the experiment was started speaks for itself.

Although doctors have long been baffled as to the cause of the common cold, the experts have discovered that the high percentage of the disease is due to the fact that the germs are easily transferred from one person to another—primarily through unchecked coughs and sneezes.

One hefty unsmothered sneeze by a person suffering from a cold sprays the air with thousands of bacteria-laden droplets that can carry infection over a 12-foot radius. The bacteria, easily inhaled by others, are said to stay "alive" for five or more hours.

Dr. Wacker's idea might be readily adapted to industrial plants, where, as in the schools, an average of three work days a year is lost by every employee. Counting lost wages, cost of medical care and production lag, America's annual cold bill runs into billions. The recent flu epidemic which swept the country from coast-to-coast fortunately did not turn out to be as bad as the one which ravaged the country during World War I. Some health experts attribute this fortunate state of affairs to the fact that a large number of doctors adopted masks as a method of cutting down on contagion. They left a supply of the face coverings in the sick-room and made all visitors don them before entering.

A War Bond is a nest-egg. It will hatch:
1—Safety for your boy
2—Defeat for Hitler
3—Money for you

Remember when you had that cold?

(You'd just been caught in a draft)



You switched to KOOLS
(And your throat felt at ease)

If they ranked so high when your throat was raw



Great Guns, man—why not smoke 'em all the time?

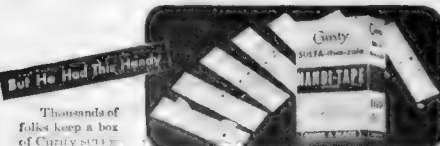
HANDY MEN—

treat small cuts **IN 30 SECONDS...**

with **Gurity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE**



New shelves for the canned goods... planning down the storm sash... chopping kindling for the fireplace... lots of little jobs around the house may cause small cuts, blisters, and abrasions... and they can be dangerous if you don't treat them right away.



Thousands of folks keep a box of Gurity SULFA-thia-zole HANDI-TAPE in tool box, medicine chest, kitchen, car, and office desk. It's the "30-second" way to fight infection of minor skin breaks. Buy HANDI-TAPE in the yellow and blue box at your druggist's today.

A Product of
(BAUER & BLACK)
Division of The Kendall Company, Chicago
Which will you sacrifice... your money or a soldier's life? Buy MORE War Bonds

Ask for **Gurity HANDI-TAPE**
Adhesive Bandage

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

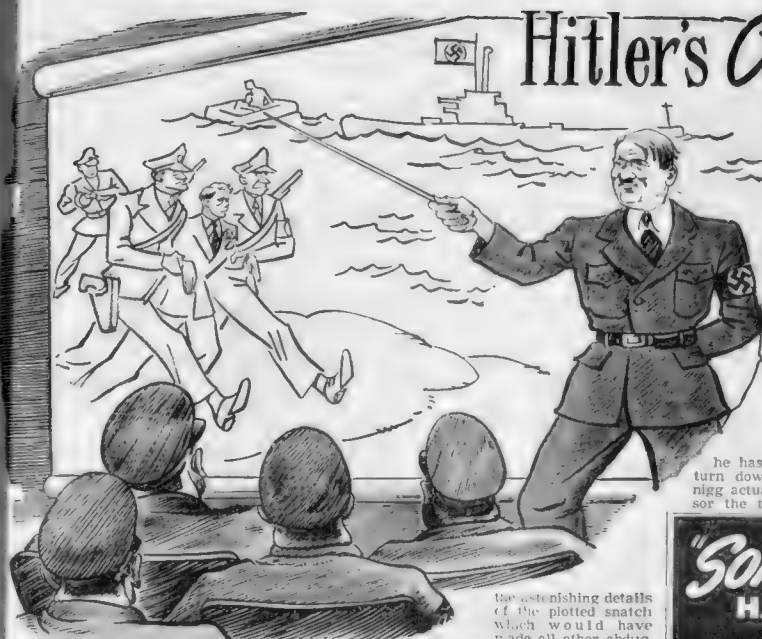
—for good!



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I am the **SAFEBAY BRUSH TOP SPOT REMOVER**. I whisk out the spots from dresses, suits, uniforms, coats, hats, ties, rugs and upholstery. I work fast—relieve drycleaners and save you money. Pick me up at 5 & 10s, drug and department stores, or send 25c for large 5 oz. package. **SAFEBAY CHEMICAL COMPANY**, 6921 Lorain Ave., Cleveland, O.

Hitler's Craziest Dream



Although the Nazis Have Never Officially Admitted It, There Is Plenty of Evidence That They Worked Out a Fantastic Plot for Kidnaping the Duke of Windsor.

he has had a chance to turn down. Kurt Schuschnigg actually offered Windsor the throne of Austria

when he abdicated as the King of England in 1937 for the woman I love."

Thrones like that of Greece have often gone begging. But even the present ruler sat on it, the Earl of Derby, Lord's grandson Earl, refused the honor. And Lord Inchiquin was asked to mount the throne of Ireland in 1926, he being a direct descendant of Brian Boru.

Napoleon's brothers were on and off the thrones of Europe with startling regularity, and he himself once said: "I found a crown lying in the gutter and put it on my head."

George Washington was once proposed in Congress for the throne of America, but the father of his country was too wise to be gulled by anything so naive to his own ideas of democracy.

the astonishing details of the plotted snatch which would have made all other abductions in history look tame. Not far from Nassau, also, for the first time, now knows about the planned kidnaping which has been described by some observers as "Hitler's craziest dream."

The Secret Service men and the intimates of the Duke discovered this plan of Der Fuehrer long ago, and the subsequent military activity in Nassau, which made that island an armed camp far above its strategic importance, now is understood for the first time.

No one in Nassau for many months could possibly explain the reason for the most unusual military precautions ever undertaken in the little speck of geography over which the ex-King of England presides as Governor-General. Astonishing numbers of gun emplacements, concrete fortifications, unprecendented offshore naval patrols and air protection, increased the mystery of the preparations.

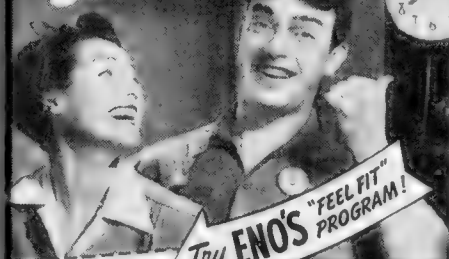
The formidable result is believed to have caused Hitler to change his plans to land large forces from submarines in Nassau, kidnap the Duke and hold him as hostage for blackmailing England. The Nazi chieftain also is believed to have toyed with the idea of forcibly, or otherwise, attempting to make the Duke a puppet king in absentia. Military experts believe the kidnaping could have been accomplished with astonishing ease almost in the shadow of the American mainland, before the island was put on the alert.

Had the plot succeeded, the refusal of the Duke to become a Nazi puppet King of England would not have mattered in the least to Hitler. Held incommunicado, any desired statements considered beneficial to the Nazis might have been dictated by Goebbels in the Windsor name. The Nazis have an insidious way of using kings as puppets. Some people think it not beyond the realm of possibility that the Duke will be offered the throne of Germany after the war. This would not be the first one

from the little island of Nassau that is tucked away in the Bahamas right under Uncle Sam's "nose." Residents of Florida, who think of their peninsula as a "nose" much as the shape of Italy is described as a "boot," lately have learned

HITLER and his Nazi gang have had many fantastic ideas, and at the "screwiest" one—because it might have worked—was a plot to kidnap the Duke of Windsor

RIGHT ON THE JOB EVERY DAY!



Try ENO'S "FEEL FIT" PROGRAM!

Before Breakfast—Need a laxative? Take Eno as directed whenever necessary. Help rid yourself quickly of that tired, sluggish feeling. Feel great!

After Meals—Eat or drink too much? Acid indigestion? Take just a dash of Eno! Helps neutralize excess stomach acid. Prompt relief!

At Bedtime—After late hours, a gay party, is your stomach over-acid? Feel "wooly"? Fear tomorrow? Be wise! Take just a dash of Eno!

Night on the button, day—on the button—Eno's Fruit Syrup and Victory! How? Easy! Just take a dash of Eno's Fruit Syrup in a glass of water, and you'll feel dail, dail, dail, out of your long hours, change in eating or living habits, "over-eating," in fact, smoke, drink.

ENO helps you come back fast! Tastes utterly different from other salines! No sulphates; not harsh; not bitter. You'll like it—as an after-dinner, as a laxative when needed. Now today, buy 30¢ size at druggists!

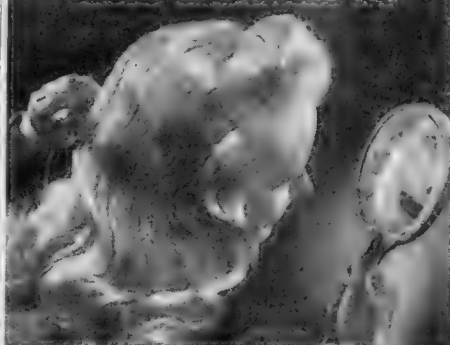
MAKE THIS CONVINCING TASTE TEST! Tomorrow morning—before breakfast—try good-tasting Eno. What a difference from harsh, bitter salts! From the first trial, nothing but Eno will do!



ENO THE REALLY PLEASANT REFRESHING SALINE

January 30, 1944

"SOAPING" DULLS HAIR HALO GLORIFIES IT!



Here's why your very first Halo Shampoo will leave your hair aglow with natural luster!

1. Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it... leaves it shimmering with glorious dancing highlights.
2. Even finest soaps leave dingy soap-film on hair. But Halo contains no soap... made with a new type patented ingredient it cannot leave soap-film!
3. Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse... Halo rinses away, quickly and completely!
4. Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, in hardest water... leaves hair sweet, naturally radiant!
5. Carries away uncloggy loose dandruff like magic!
6. Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl!

Get Halo Shampoo today... in 10¢ or larger sizes.

REVEALS THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOUR HAIR!

DON'T



Please don't buy more Smith Bros. Cough Drops than you need. Our output is water-reduced and we're trying to offer even better, soothing relief from cough due to colds, Smith Bros. Cough Drops—Black or Menthol—are still only 5¢.

SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS



THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 21

Cracker-Barrel Strategists, 1944



The "boys" still get together in Jed Hopkin's store to enjoy the good old American privilege of voicing their opinions . . . just as they did back when the debates seesawed over the old cracker-barrel . . . back in the years when they were the Kaltenborns and Winchells, the political and military forecasters of the County.

But since there's been a radio where the cracker-barrel stood, history in the making has furnished the topics. Presidents and Prime Ministers have added their voices to the sessions. And the old outpost has become a listening post on the news fronts of the world.

SONORA Radios have played an important part in the lives of countless thousands of "cracker-barrel" strategists from coast to coast—from penthouses to Plunkett's Corners.

And there's no debating the fact that among all table models, none equals the powerful SONORA Super-Seven in sheer, life-like tonal quality. It's one of the many SONORA Radios we're reserving for your pleasure, just as soon as our war job is finished.

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RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS • RECORDS
RADIO-PHONO-RECORDERS

Sonora
Clear as a Bell



BRING THE BOYS HOME SOONER.
BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

A cartoon illustration by Schachet. It depicts a man in a fedora and trench coat standing next to a building entrance. Above the entrance is a sign that reads "PALACE HOTEL" and "CHEAPEST MEALS IN TOWN". The man is holding a large bomb. A sign on the ground next to him reads "TO-DAY Eggs \$3 Each any style". The artist's signature "Schachet" is at the bottom left.

GRUMBLING about the high cost of living? Brother, you should have

[illegible]

Former Industrial
Belongs Since 1940

Vel-Grip Finger Guards

Want REAL relief from your sore, stiff back? Then get Sayman Liniment and massage on gently. Feel "tight" muscles loosen up, pain disappear, soreness vanish. Works FAST... costs only 50¢—is grand for muscular aches, pains stiffness and soreness due to local congestion caused by exposure, fatigue, etc.

SAYMAN LINIMENT
Made by the Makers of SAYMAN SALVE

Soup	
Bean	\$1.00
Ox tail (short)....	1.50
Roast	
Beef, Mexican (prime cut).....	\$1.50
Beef, plain.....	1.00
Beef, with 1 potato	1 25

Grizzily, roast..... 1.00
 Jackass rabbit
 (whole) 1.00
 Pastry
 Rice pudding plain 7.
 Rice pudding,
 with raisins 10.
 (Payable in advance, 10.
 scales on the end of the
 bar.)

Anyway, it's mighty good news . . . and worth repeating . . . that keen-edged Schick Injector Blades are back!

PATTERN 3541—Kiddie princess frock and cape. Sizes 2 to 10. Size 6, cape, requires 1½ yards 64-inch fabric; frock, 2½ yards 59-inch fabric.

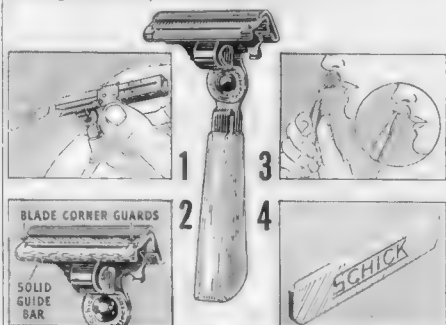
PATTERN 3546—Young miss two-piece. Sizes 13 to 20. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 39-inch fabric.

PATTERN 3547—Young miss two-piece. Sizes small, medium and large. Small size requires 2½ yards 35-inch fabric.

EACH PATTERN together with a transfer pattern of charming motifs and matching buttons and garments. **24¢ PER COPY.**

Write plainly **SIZE, NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER.** Send your order to **AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 636 Sixth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.**

Subject to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.



It's been too long between luxury shaves . . . the kind that Schick Injector design makes possible. Discover again these revolutionary Schick Injector features . . . the only basic improvements in safety razor design in 40 years.

- 1 **Enjoy the automatic blade change** — an exclusive feature of the Schick Injector. The razor that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink!—just pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a *fresh one instantly*. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to re-assemble. No fumbling with old blades edges, or messy paper wrappers.
- 2 **Shave skin dry**—with ease... The Solid Guide Bar has a *sure-grip* surface that stretches and flattens the skin. The razor head is *flush* with your whiskers for a closer and more comfortable shave. Its corner guards protect your face against nicks and scraping.
- 3 **Shave dangerous and hard-to-reach spots** — the compact head, smallest of any popular razor lets you get those difficult spots with surprising ease. The head is so *flexible*... it shaves just as wide an area but is only half as deep. **Note difference** between the Schick Injector and old fashioned razor head as shown in circle of picture 3 above.
- 4 **Enjoy Double Thick Blades again**... and remember—Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—and 3 times as thick as paper thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in a special container, Schick Injector Blades have their cutting edge suspended in *air*. **EPAS**

SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR and BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.



Mrs. Zenz No. 1 Helped Her Cult-Leader Husband Get a Second Wife—and Regretted It.



In the Old Days Wives Belonging to a Polygamous Sect Had to Put Up With the Whimsies of Their Husbands—Now They Can Hebel and Work in Defense Plants.

Battle of the Brides in the Marrying Cult

By LIONEL CALHOUN MOISE

IN EVERY Eden, it seems, there just naturally has to be at least one serpent.

This peculiar zoological truism was recently underscored again in the course of Federal inquiry into a modern polygamy cult that has been flourishing more or less secretly in remote sections of Utah, Arizona and Nevada.

As even casual students of American history know, there was once a period when it was practically a social error in Utah to have only ONE wife.

However, all that was done away with a half century ago, when the Church of Latter Day Saints officially disavowed plural marriage, and ordered its members, under pain of excommunication, to "put away" their extra spouses.

Generally, the edict has been implicitly obeyed by all good Mormons. But there remained, it seems, a few diehards who never reconciled themselves to the revolutionary notion of wife-ratting.

These uncompromising and hardy spirits banded together in a cult which lately has grown rapidly.

The better to handle anticipated clashes with the law, they established their own little Edens, hidden away in remote mountain valleys or on inaccessible

mesas, where they could have as many wives as they pleased, and nobody the wiser.

All was idyllic for a time. Then the serpent entered. There began coming to prosecuting officials in Salt Lake City, scrawled letters, unsigned, in a feminine hand.

These anonymous missives told of strange goings-on in the polygamous Edens. Young schoolgirls, fourteen and fifteen years old, were being imported to serve as extra wives, the letters said. More teenage brides were en route. And the writer darkly hinted, older wives were being sadly neglected.

"Just think how it would make any married woman feel," complained one correspondent, "to have to sleep outside in the barn on account of her husband and a strange girl he just married being in the bedroom!"

Presently, some of the letters named names and places. Information also came in to authorities from

Fifteen-year-old Irene Wilson, Whom "Elder" John Virgil Zenz (Below) Wed As Wife No. 2—on the Ground That It Was A Sacred Duty.



Frank William Zenz, 17. The charge was that they had "enticed, compelled into debauchery and transported across a state line," pretty 15-year-old Irene Wilson of Bountiful, Utah.

This was followed last month by the arrest in Short Creek, Arizona, of William E. Chatwin, a 70-year-old farmer, on the charge of having kidnapped 14-year-old Dorothy Wyler, of Provo, Utah.

other sources. The result was that U. S. District Attorney John S. Boyden caused the arrest of Elder John Virgil Zenz, 37, a ring-leader in the cult; his wife, Lola, and his son, Frank William Zenz, 17. The charge was that they had "enticed, compelled into debauchery and transported across a state line," pretty 15-year-old Irene Wilson of Bountiful, Utah.

Other arrests are scheduled soon in the Short Creek colony. That center of the polygamy cult, just across the border from Utah, has previously been investigated, but without tangible result. Failure of the authorities was attributed to the remote location of the polygamous Eden, and to the refusal of the various plural wives to take the stand against their husbands. However, better success is anticipated.

As the authorities see it, the older wives of the cultists are beginning to rebel. As one investigator says:

"Back in the early days, some women had to put up with polygamy, or starve. It's different now. There are defense plants in Utah, as elsewhere, and women can get jobs."

In the Zenz case, testimony was that Zenz, who styles himself the cult "Messiah," met the Wilson girl while he was living in a trailer-camp near Bountiful.

He promptly decided that his cur-



Frank William Zenz, 17, Helped Woo Pretty Young Irene—for His Father.

rent family, consisting of Lola, two children and his son's 16-year-old wife, wasn't bountiful enough. He had to have Irene added to the family circle.

According to testimony at his trial, Mrs. Zenz No. 1 helped to persuade the 15-year-old girl that it would be perfectly proper, from a religious viewpoint, for her to become Mrs. Zenz No. 2.

After Zenz and Lola had been convicted of violation of the Mann Act, he told the court, "I only did it on the grounds of religion."

Lola, sentenced to two years in the Women's Reformatory, echoed him dutifully, declaring, "This is my religion, and I believe in it with all my heart."

But the presiding judge didn't, and sentenced Zenz to five years in prison and Lola to two.

An interesting trial development was testimony that Zenz had boasted the polygamy cult was adding members at the rate of 500 a year.

The cult, it was brought out, variously calls itself the Fundamentalists and the United Order of Brethren. Its founders severed their connection with the Latter Day Saints Church at the time that institution condemned polygamy, and the cultists still proclaim Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon religion, as their sole leader. Since Smith promulgated polygamy as a divine revelation, this gives them a doctrinal excuse for extra wives.

Several Short Creek residents have been read out of the Church of Latter Day Saints—as has Zenz, and as have all other members when discovered practicing polygamy.

Other polygamous "Edens" are hidden in inaccessible portions of Utah and in nearby Nevada and Idaho.

But, judging by recent events, they are soon to become Eveless—at least by their current standards.



*Julia
Tyler*

A Thimbleful of History

Dolls That Show Just How
America's First Ladies
Dressed and Looked



CLOTHES tell a lot of things about personality that their wearers never suspect.

And a President's wife who's supposed to be conservative gives her real self away by her garb much more than an ordinary gal who just follows the dictates of fashion, says Ethel McLean, the sculptor-designer whose hobby is making statuettes of First Ladies dressed in authentic costumes.

Miss McLean admits she didn't give a hoot about history until she became fascinated by a display of inaugural gowns at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. That started her off.

Diving into old books and magazines she learned all she could about how White House ladies dressed, and what they were like.

Martha Washington, she was surprised to find, showed her home-loving character by her fondness for wearing an apron. Dolly Madison, whose mother never allowed her to wear a string of beads, covered herself with pearls and diamonds.

One First Lady was so shy she felt she couldn't dress the part, so she retired to one room and never went out socially.

"These are only a few of the 'secrets' Miss McLean learned. Now she's working on tiny models of outstanding women of all the nations.



Jane Pierce



*Ellen
Wilson*



*Sarah
Polk*



Frances Cleveland

SMOKERS SHOULD USE

IODENT

TO ERASE

Choose PASTE or POWDER

Iodent No. 1 for teeth easy to bryten and No. 2 for teeth hard to bryten are made by a Dentist. Choose the texture to suit your teeth and watch those smudges vanish.

HOW MOTHER KEEPS OUR Blonde Hair LIGHT AND LOVELY

We Use This New 11-Minute Home Shampoo

Mother and daughter stay young together when sunken pollution curls are eliminated. It's so simple, it's the special shampoo that lets you eliminate the most stubborn and persistent hair problems in 11 minutes. It makes hair shine like a mirror, instantly removes dirt and dandruff, takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair new luster and brightness. Safe for children's hair. At 10¢ drug or department store.



Science Explains the "Shiner"

Most People Know Where and How They Got Black Eyes—But It Is Only Recently That They Have Had a Clear Scientific Explanation of the Unlikely Phenomenon.

But in a severe bruise—a "black eye"—the bleeding may be so great that the "salvage operation" cannot rescue all the red cells before they die, so when no more usable red cells are left the rescuing lymph sprout withdraws.

Then comes the clean-up squad, the grave diggers of the blood stream—the white blood cells that search out

the dead or dying red cells. There, like some microscopic octopus, they envelop these cells and "grow" around them. Once consumed, digestion of these red cells begins.

Normally the white cells do not eat up the red cells except in rare cases like the disease of leukemia.

The man with the black eye doesn't know all this. He only knows that after a few days his bruised optic is clearing up.

A REMARKABLE scientific section in the new film "The Shiner" is the only one of its kind ever photographed. It was made on movie film by Dr. Carl Spidel, Associate Professor of Anatomy at the University of Virginia.

Professor Spidel's motion picture shows how the lymph cells of the body go to the rescue of red blood cells that have been driven from a ruptured blood vessel.

Every time you get bruised and have a black-and-blue spot, the discoloration comes from red blood cells that go out from the injured capillary into the tissue.

Professor Spidel's motion picture of the "black eye" was acclaimed at a recent meeting of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia.

World famous scientists men like Nobel prize winners Dr. Victor Hess of Fordham and Dr. Harold Urey of Columbia—hailed Professor Spidel's movie as astounding, comparable in its way with Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood two centuries ago.

To the man on the street Dr. Spidel's movie is the answer to the question, "What happens when you get a black eye?"

Scientifically such an accident is internal bleeding like any other bruise. The blood vessel ruptures and the red cells spread out under the skin to make the familiar discoloration.

What follows after that most of the scientists didn't know until they saw Professor Spidel's striking motion pictures.

In some unknown manner the distress signal of the plight of the red cells goes out to the lymph vessels and in from 65 to 130 minutes the salvage crews of the body are on the way. Red blood cells—erythrocytes they are called—have no power of locomotion like the white blood cells. When a bruise sends the red cells into the tissues they are stranded.

This is where the salvage rescue crews—the lymph vessels—come into action.

Living cells of the lymph vessel begin immediately to divide and grow and send off a finger-like sprout in the exact direction of the isolated red blood cells.

When the lymph sprout reaches the red cell it keeps on growing. The red cell is sucked into the sprout, passes down the channel and into the larger lymph vessels.

Once the lymph sprout is established it will gather in the red cell "waifs" for the next two days and rescue them for possible future use.

COMING DOWN WITH A COLD?

Don't Delay! Go after it at once, not only with temporary relief measures, but by taking these basic steps which help the system throw off a cold infection.

5 BASIC THINGS TO DO FOR COLDS advised by physicians and public health authorities (See how lemons help with all 5)

- GET PLENTY OF REST; BUILD RESISTANCE.**
Lemons are among the richest sources of anti-fatigue, anti-infection vitamin C.
- ALKALINIZE YOUR SYSTEM.**
Lemon and soda (fresh lemon juice with water and baking soda) forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition.
- KEEP ELIMINATION REGULAR.**
Lemon and soda has a gentle, natural laxative effect for most people.
- EAT LIGHTLY; TAKE PLENTY OF LIQUIDS.**
Citrus juices are most frequently advised.
- KEEP WARM; AVOID FURTHER CHILL.**
Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, see your doctor.

HOW TO USE LEMONS FOR COLDS Make Lemon and Soda

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours at home or at nearest fountain. (And to induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.)

Then, continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts. Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, first thing on arising.

To make lemon & soda four juices of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quarts.

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

BUT MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Make-up created by the men who make up the Hollywood Stars

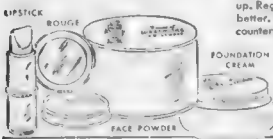
Ida Lupino in the Warner Bros. Picture "In Our Time"



Perc Westmore, Director of Make-up, Warner Bros. Studios, Hollywood



The Westmores—Perc, Wally and Bud—not only make-up the Hollywood stars but have actually created the make-up with which they do it. And it is that very make-up you get when you buy Home of Westmore's lipstick, rouge, face powder and foundation cream.



House of Westmore offers the perfect make-up—gives you a lovely, attractive beauty—goes on smoothly and really stays on. You will like the fine texture and fashionable shades of Westmore Make-up. Regardless of price, you cannot buy better. 25¢ and 50¢ of toilet goods counters everywhere.

House of WESTMORE MAKE-UP

You can have
Smoother
Softer Skin

with
just One Cake
of Camay!



Skin tests prove Camay
really mild.
Complexions grow lovelier
—day-by-day!



Do try my Camay," says Mrs. Arnold M. Sloan of New York, N.Y., lovely Camay bride. "After just a short time on the Camay Mild Soap Diet, my complexion was nicer than I ever thought it could be."

Yes! Tests on skin like yours!



Fresher! Softer! Sweeter! That's how your skin can be—with just one cake of Camay! Simply change to proper mild care . . . to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Skin specialists tested this care on over 100 complexions on girls with skin like YOURS! And most complexions simply bloomed—noticeably softer, fresher, clearer—with the first cake of Camay.

Mildness that cleanses without irritation!



These tests proved Camay's mildness . . . proved how it can benefit skin. "Camay is really mild," said the specialists, "it cleanses without irritation!" No wonder the Camay Mild-Soap Diet brings such striking improvement to complexions. Tonight . . . stop hazardous beauty care. Get Camay . . . and see the new, softer charm of your skin

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



Cream Camay over face—forehead, nose, chin. Feel how this mild lather seems to soften your skin. Now—rinse warm.

Give oily skins an extra C-O-L-D splash!

Simple, isn't it?—but see how Camay's night and morning care makes skin glow! Your very first cake means lovelier skin!



WARTIME SOAP-SAVERS . . .

The materials that go into soap are precious—so make your Camay L-A-S-T!

GET GOOD LATHER from just a few rubs on the Camay cake. Use only what you need.

KEEP CAMAY DRY. Take it from the water—quick—after lathering. Wipe your soap dish dry.

USE EVERY SLIVER. Sew up a washcloth for a bathmat. Put Camay slivers inside . . . grand lather!

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

How to make
ONE
ration stamp
do the work of



Buy EITHER brand...
the quality is the same



Your ration stamp allows you to buy only so much quantity...the quality you get depends upon your buy-manship! So, whenever you can, buy quality brands. For instance, these famous tunas containing Vitamins "A" and "D" and Iodine, that effective preventive of nutritional goiter. Always delicate and delicious, for only the tender light meat is packed. Economical, too...you can use this tuna for many point-saving, "stretch-out" menus.

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Torrance, California



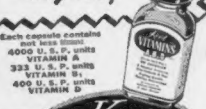
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Chicken of the Sea TUNA

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CATCH cold easily? Try Kent Vitamins. See if one capsule a day won't build you up—help protect you against colds. A single capsule supplies daily minimum requirement of A, B, D. Cost only 1¢ a day. If grocer can't supply, mail coupon!

**A Food Supplement
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Many trained nurses use this reliable aid for relieving

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Cuticura Ointment promptly helps relieve the Talcum protects skin. Very successful. All druggists. For FREE Ointment sample write to Cuticura, Dept. A-25, Malden, Mass.

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1000 Yards Thread FREE!
SEND NO MONEY

Large colorful pieces, 3 lbs. (26 yds.) only 97¢ plus post-ages. Sent C.O.D. Money-Back Guarantee. FREE of extra cost—no thousand (1,000) yards good white thread FREE, and 16 lovely quilt patterns FREE with order. Send no money just mail a card TODAY. Act NOW!

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REMNANT SHOP, Box 347, Secor, Illinois.



THRIFT in the WARTIME HOUSEHOLD

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority
on Household Efficiency.

"THRIFT" is an old-fashioned word, and for many years it seemed to have been left out of our household dictionary. Grandmother, true, was always held up as a pattern of all the economy virtues: so, too, was the French housewife whose saving habits were world-renowned. But everyone agreed that the American homemaker was wickedly wasteful and pointed to our overflowing refuse pails as a horrible example—and proof.

But not now! Today each of us is taking pride not in spending, not in wasting, but in saving and conserving. This conservation takes many forms, from efficient utilization of every scrap and crumb of food, to clothing reconversion, mending appliances, protection and repair of household furnishings from attic to cellar.

Food, as a weapon of war, demands first place in our thoughts of thrift.

Meats calling for precious ration points, need special handling. Always immediately remove meat from its paper or bag, and lay on enamel plate or in special glass meat container. Cover loosely. If chopped, pack tightly into a small bowl and cover with a thick layer of sliced onions and an inverted bowl. This will flavor and make the meat keep better.

Another preservative is to cover the trimmed solid meat with a marinade of vinegar, oil, pepper and a blade of bay leaf or pinch of thyme.

Thrift Fruit Shopping
Fresh fruits may be expensive in midwinter; but by buying them one saves the ration points needed for canned fruits. Again, in serving, try the plan of "extending" a small portion of fresh fruit (or canned) by adding to a tapioca, rice or other cereal dessert.

Vegetables and Bread
Cooking vegetables in a small amount of water has become the housewife's daily ritual; cooking in less water saves the vitamins and minerals, the taste, and the color. Use the excess liquid for gravies and add to canned soup as a fine extender. One can of bouillon, for example, will serve four, if pleasingly "extended" with the cooking liquor

from string beans, carrots, celery, etc. A good trick, try it soon!
Waste or excess bread—what shall we do with it? There should be less bread to waste, in the first place! The small family can use buns, rolls, muffins, "bread by the piece" to better advantage than the typical large family loaf. In some shops they slice dark breads, and sell it by the pound—a fine, thrifty idea!

Timely Menus

MONDAY
Breakfast
Grapefruit Juice,
Grain Cereal,
Coffee.
Luncheon
Macaroni and Cheese
Casserole,
Tomato and Onion Salad,
Muffins,
Pecan Pie,
Tea or Coffee.
Dinner
Clear Soup with Avocado,
Carrot Souffle,
Green Pepper Salad,
Apple Pie
Coffee or Cider.

WEDNESDAY
Breakfast
Apple Juice,
Cereal and Raisins,
Codfish Cakes,
Coffee.
Luncheon
Broiled Chops,
Potatoes,
Green Salad,
Rolls, Tea.
Dinner
Roast Chicken,
Spoon Bread,
Potatoes,
Mustard Creamed
Green Beans,
Watercress Salad,
Fruit Tart,
Coffee.

FRIDAY
Breakfast
Grapefruit Juice,
Cereal,
Buckwheat Cakes,
Coffee.
Luncheon
Black Bean Soup,
Fried Oysters,
Green Salad,
Crisp Rye Crackers,
Tea or Cider.
Dinner
Tomato Slices,
Broiled Steak,
Baked Potatoes,
Creamed Carrots,
Fruit Tart,
Coffee.

SUNDAY
Breakfast
Roast Potatoes,
Harvard Beets,
Cole Slaw Salad,
Ice Box Dessert,
Coffee.
Supper
Macaroni Salad,
Raw Carrots,
Celery, Rolls, Tea.

If you're a SNIFFLY SAL



USE MISTOL DROPS

WITH OR WITHOUT EPHEDRINE
Helps soothe irritated nasal passages. Helps relieve that "stuffed-up" feeling due to a cold.

CAUTION: Use only as directed

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NUACE COSTS NO MORE THAN INFERIOR IMITATIONS
Available in Black, White, Gray, Green, Red, Sepia, Ivory, Pink, Blue, Victory, Gold & Silver, at Camera, 5¢ a 10¢ stores, Drug and Department stores.

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Easy Way TINTS HAIR as it shampoos

This discovery, Tint Color Cake Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease and safely gives hair a smooth, colorful tint that glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded, dull, burnt off-color hair a minute longer. Tint works gradually...each shampoo leaves your hair more colorful, lustrous, softer, easier to manage. Full cake only 50¢. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanently.

TINTZ COLOR SHAMPOO

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY 29



HOME-MADE CANDY

...honey taffy or caramels, marshmallows or chocolate creams, you'll find the recipes on the "Almanack Candy Recipes" chart. Send a three-cent stamp for this timely, handy chart today.
Colorful "Nazi-Jap Eraser" labels to paste on fat-saving containers are also available if you'll send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to The Almanack, 839 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

How California Navel Oranges help you this wartime winter

The **SEEDLESS ORANGES** with the **HIGH-VITAMIN JUICE** !

Follow your government's advice and "Eat the Basic 7 Every Day"—including these three groups of fruits and vegetables. Shortages of many foods give California Navel-Oranges special importance this winter. Their juice is richer

in vitamin C, and a valuable supplementary source of vitamins A, B₁ and B₂ (G), and calcium.

Drink them—and serve them other ways to add health to meals. You'll find them Best for Juice—and Every use!

FOR GOOD NUTRITION	HOW CALIFORNIA ORANGES HELP
 1 Every day, eat YELLOW OR GREEN LEAFY VEGETABLES	You need these for vitamin A. Eat them daily if you possibly can. California oranges will help out. They are the only oranges known to be a good source of vitamin A.
 2 Every day, have ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT, LEMONS, raw cabbage or raw salad greens	These must supply your daily-needed vitamin C. Five years of independent scientific tests show that California Navel orange juice gives you more vitamin C per glass. It is the <i>High-Vitamin</i> orange juice.
 3 Every day, eat POTATOES AND OTHER VEGETABLES AND FRUITS	These give you additional vitamins and minerals. Select for variety... California Navels likewise add to your supply of vitamins B ₁ and B ₂ (G), calcium and other minerals. They are seedless, easy to peel, slice and section for salads, desserts and lunch box use.

FROM NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



California sends you
**THE HIGH-VITAMIN
ORANGE JUICE**
 You can see the difference. You can taste the difference. Science proves the difference... more health per glass for your family.

**The Navel means
SEEDLESS**
 No strainer needed... no waste. **EASY** to peel, slice and section for salads, desserts and lunch box.

Sunkist
CALIFORNIA Navel ORANGES

BEST FOR JUICE - and Every use!

The finest oranges from 14,500 co-operating growers in California and Arizona are trademarked "Sunkist"

on the skin. They are good "keepers." To save shopping trips, order a week's supply at a time.

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WALK Into almost any British dance hall and, plastered prominently on the walls, you'll find signs that read: "No Jitterbugging Allowed."

Try ignoring the warning and a hastily summoned Bobby will politely, but firmly, hustle you off the floor.

The staid English, it seems, have found American jive, as imported by Yankee troops, a little too hot for their taste.

Dance hall managers explained they had to clamp down because they were swamped with protests.

"Other dancers have complained of bruises and injuries," said one manager. "The week before we put up the signs we had more than 600 protests over the antics of a couple of jitterbuggers."

At the Hammersmith Palais de Danse, one of England's biggest ballrooms, spotters are at the doors to nab any recognized hep cats.

"We have given them several warnings and now we refuse them admittance," the Hammersmith manager explained.

London's largest dance hall, Covent Garden, where hundreds of American soldiers used to gather every afternoon and evening for

Too Hot for England

a bit of frenzied Texas Stomping and Lindy Hoping with English girls, was one of the first to institute the ban.

The American M. P.'s who patrol the streets of London, and other cities and towns where the Yanks are stationed, see to it that their buddies register no emphatic squawks over the edict. And these martial "cops" get their orders from the brass hats of the U. S. Army on duty in the British Isles.

Many Britishers find American customs, some of them at least, a trifle hard to understand, but they have been considerate of Uncle Sam's soldiers and have shown them a good time during their stay in Merrie England.

The real objection to jitterbugging, according to one British dancing master, is its "strenuous indecorum." This disciple of Terpsichore, personally, finds jive "interesting and a legitimate modern development of the social dance." But, he says, Britain isn't ready for it yet—and may never be.

Most English people, he

explains, have the "easy does it" attitude when they get on the dance floor. It is not their temperament to indulge in violent antics, however facile and rhythmic. They like to waltz or, when they get away from the formal dances, to perform such mild maneuvers as the Lambeth Walk.

There are exceptions to this attitude. Some of the young Britishers, of both sexes, found that they had the energy and the inclination to emulate the antics of the Yankee hep cats. They were just getting to be good when the powers-that-be began viewing with alarm and clamping restrictions on this manifestation of youthful exuberance.

The solid citizens of Britain had something to do with the situation, too. When they saw their daughters "cutting a rug" and, in their opinion, endangering the lives of more conservative dancers, they got in touch with the proper authorities as well as turning on a little parental pressure.

Here and there, little



British Maids Like to Jive With American Soldiers—But the Law and Their Folks Object.

dine-and-dance places let the hep cats jive, but when a Bobby or an M. P. comes into the establishment, the orchestra cools off with shocking suddenness and the dancers slide into the graceful waltz—until "the law" goes away.

Everybody's Whistling This
Happy Little Washday Song

RIN-SO WHITE



Mimi Correns, of 80-05 Margret Place, Glendale, N. Y.

Now Mom Whistles while she washes
SHE SAYS RINSO GETS OUT MORE DIRT



WELL, MIMI, YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR FIRST WASHDAY LESSON... ALWAYS USE RINSO. SEE HOW ITS RICHER, LIVELIER SUDS GET OUT EVEN STUBBORN DIRT



I'M SO PLEASED WITH MY RINSO-WHITE WASH. IT'S SO SNOWY-AND THE WASHABLE COLORS ARE SO BRIGHT, TOO!



Avoid Soap Waste

- 1 Measure Rinso carefully. Don't waste it.
- 2 Do a full load of wash.
- 3 Use only enough Rinso to keep 2 to 3 inches of suds.



A LITTLE RINSO GOES A L-O-N-G, L-O-N-G WAY

• The big demand for Rinso may mean your grocer will sometimes be out of it. Please be patient.



Amos 'n' Andy—Tune in every Friday evening over the NBC Network. It's an entirely new and different show.

Free 2 MANIKINS with this sensational offer!

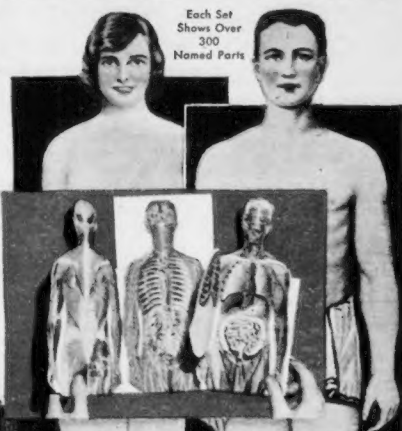
COMPLETE SETS OF ANATOMICAL

MANIKINS

.. show virtually every bone, muscle, organ and nerve in NATURAL COLORS!

YOU can keep your body healthy—recognize symptoms of disorder—help ward off sickness—by understanding how the various organs are made—how they function—and where they are located in your body. Here in these two folding "manikins" (one male, the other female) you learn the anatomical structure of your body at a glance. You simply fold aside the "skin" of the manikin, and the body's inner structure are revealed step by step. Sixteen hinged paper cutouts (all in natural colors) are folded back one by one, showing you exactly how all the organs are fitted

into the body. Every bone, muscle and nerve is shown! These two amazing manikins are fascinating and helpful. If you want to know about disturbances of the digestive system, for instance, you can open the folds of the manikin and see the shape and location of the stomach, liver, kidneys, pancreas, and large and small intestines. In the same way, you get a tremendous amount of information about the blood, nervous, muscular, bony, breathing and reproductive systems. This offer brings you BOTH manikins FREE—



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These 8 Volumes Place at Your Instant Command the Priceless Help of Famous Specialists!

WITH the doctor shortage becoming more acute every day, the Office of War Information advises all of us to acquire the "know-how" of PREVENTING ILLNESS, HOME NURSING, etc. Therefore, we extend to you the privilege of getting, at an amazing friendship-building bargain, this priceless new 8-volume encyclopedia of health—"THE NEW PEOPLE'S PHYSICIAN."

This great work will help to keep you and your family well—and in cases of sudden illness or accident, it may save a life! Although these books are not intended to take the place of professional advice, they will help you decide when you need a doctor and when you don't; when to summon a doctor immediately and when to use simple household remedies you have on hand. It will save you running up bills over trivial complaints, conserve the time of your over-burdened doctor! Written in "layman's" language, easy to consult and understand, these eight volumes tell you everything you want to know about the causes, symp-

oms, prevention and treatment of over 1,000 ailments, diseases and injuries!

It gives you explicit guidance in maintaining and improving your health; proper diets and hygiene; problems of sex and marital relations; childbirth and motherhood; care of children in health and sickness; capturing beauty through health. By consulting the quick-reference alphabetical index, you will find instant, authoritative information about such diseases as rheumatism and related ailments, heart disease, high blood pressure, constipation, skin-trouble, sex disorders, tonsillitis, croup, and over a thousand others.

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Innumerable Home Remedies

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| Appendicitis | Joint Diseases |
| Arteriosclerosis | Kidney Disease |
| Arthritis | Liver Disease |
| Asthma | Lung Diseases |
| Backache | Measles |
| Baldness | Meningitis |
| Bladder Diseases | Nervous |
| Blood Poisoning | Obesity |
| Breast Diseases | Over Diseases |
| Bright's Disease | Pneumonia |
| Bronchitis | Prostate Gland |
| Burns | Rheumatism |
| Cancer | Scurvy |
| Children's Diseases | Sin Disease |
| Constipation | Skin Disease |
| Corn | Sore Throat |
| Diabetes | Spinal Curvature |
| Diphtheria | Stomach Diseases |
| Dislocations | Sunburn |
| Dysentery | Swindles |
| Ear Diseases | Syphilis |
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THE NEW PEOPLE'S PHYSICIAN is an absolute necessity to the mother safeguarding the health and happiness of the children; to the worker and breadwinner whose fitness is a matter of vital importance; to young men and women planning marriage; to the husband and wife faced with problems affecting their married happiness. Examine it for a week free—at

our risk and expense. You may return the books or pay the amazingly low price of only \$14.70, plus a few cents postage, in easy monthly installments, if you decide to keep them. And the 2 Manikins are yours FREE in any case. Mail the coupon today.

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